

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

March 1, 1950

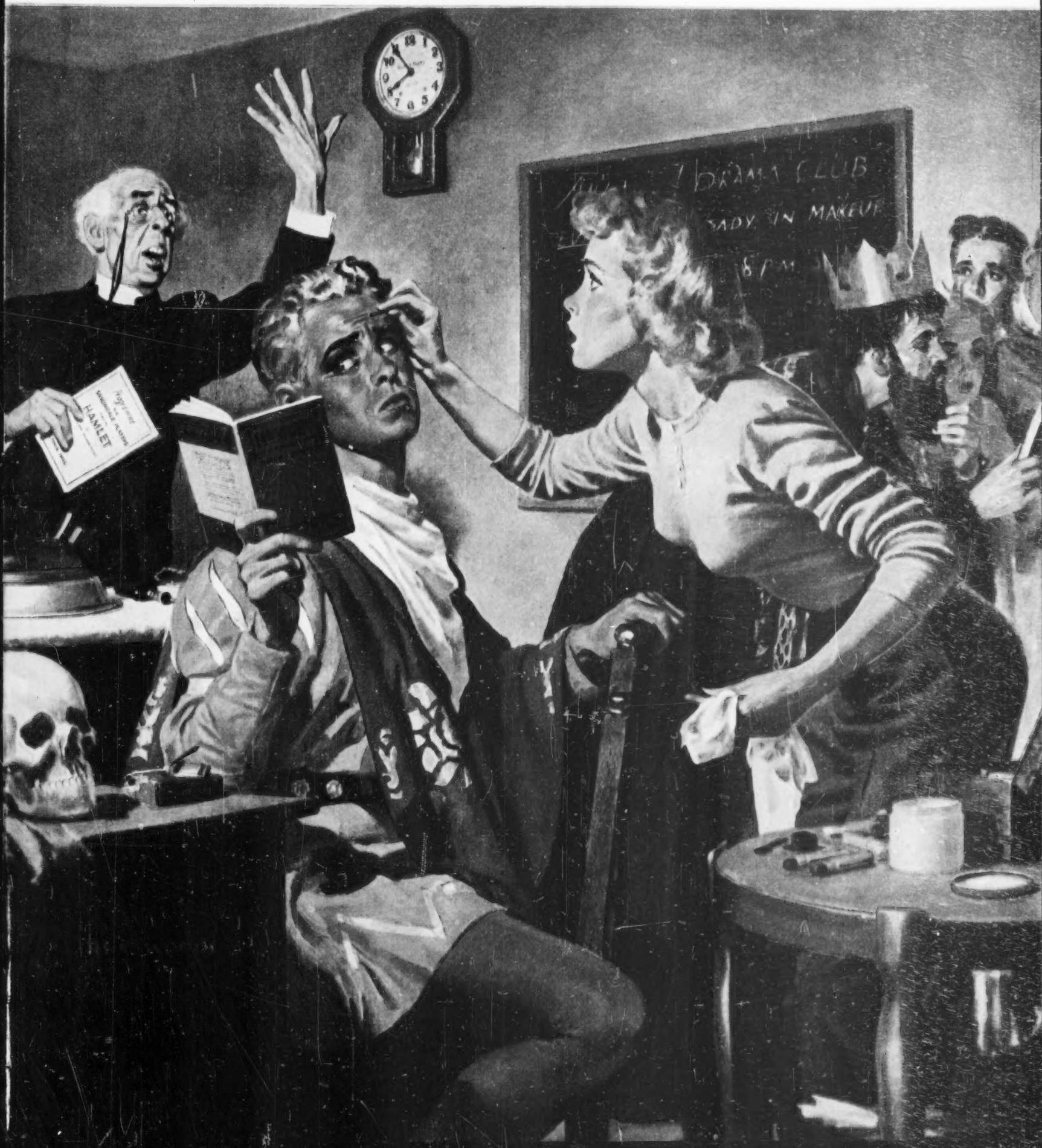
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By Ray Gardner

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Of Fifty Years in Hockey

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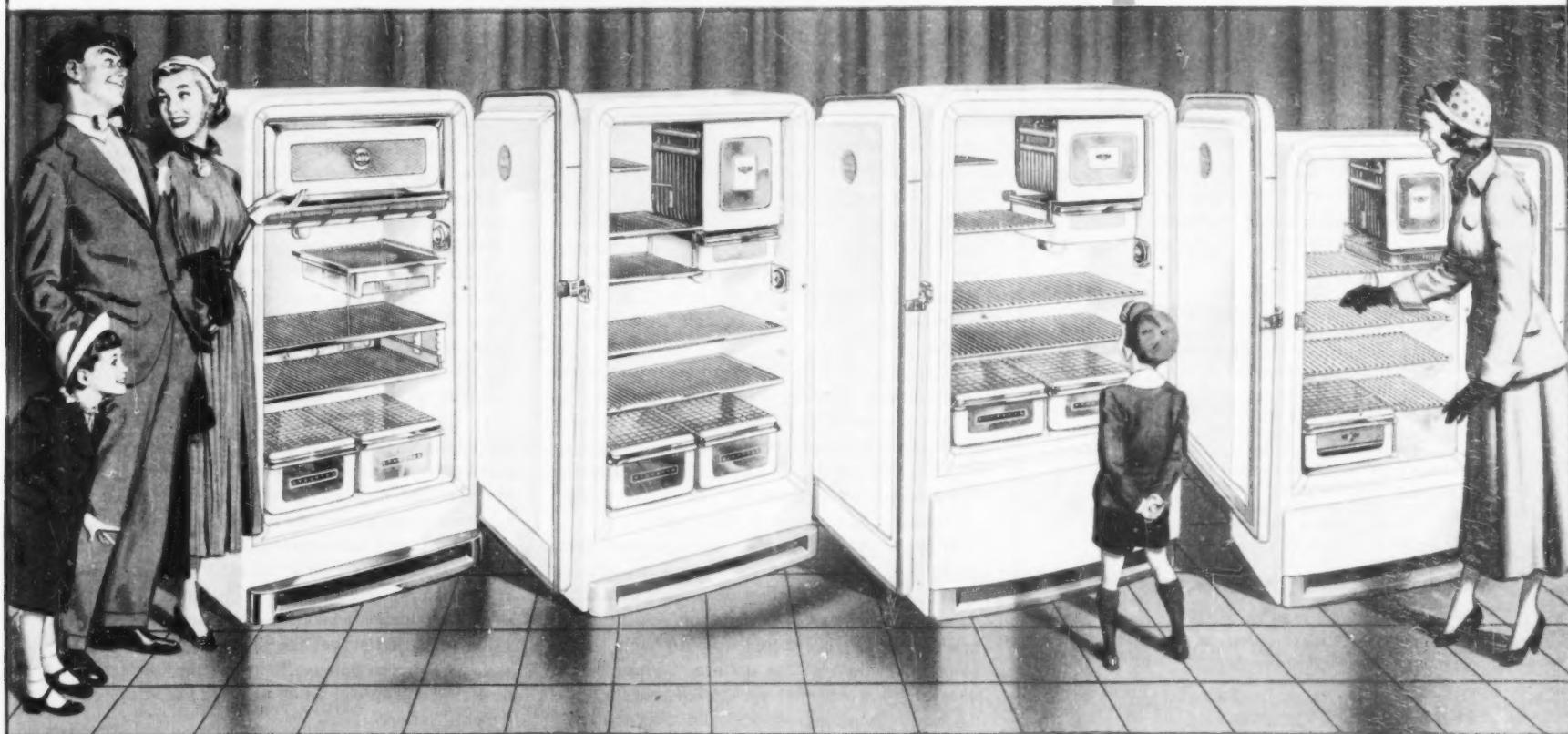
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4 COMPLETELY NEW MODELS—AND FAMOUS COLD-WALL COOLING IS BACK!



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Look What's New in refrigerator styling! From the attractive nameplate at the top to the modern recessed base, Frigidaire refrigerators again set new beauty standards. Note the Target Latch, the sleek new lines!

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Frigidaire De Luxe Cold-Wall Model has full-width Super-Freezer Chest, Cold-Wall cooling, full-length door. Has 9.0 cu. ft. storage space, yet takes little more kitchen space than a 5 cu. ft. model of only a few years ago! Lustrous Ice-Blue trim—coolly, cleanly beautiful; adjustable and sliding aluminum shelves; twin extra-deep Hydrators; full-width plastic Chill Drawer; frozen storage capacity: 1.3 cubic feet.

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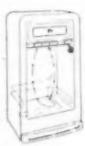


Look at it Outside!

Look at it Inside!

You can't match a **FRIGIDAIRE!**

DE LUXE COLD-WALL MODEL
is refrigerated by famous full-width Super-Freezer Chest and special Cold-Wall cooling unit in the walls.



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New Extra-Deep Porcelain Twin Hydrators with durable transparent plastic covers in Master and De Luxe Cold-Wall Models—keep more fruit and vegetables fresh and crisp. Can be stacked to provide space for big items.

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1. New styling inside and out — by Raymond Loewy.
2. New Target Door Latch with finger-tip action.
3. New streamlined design — finished in Durable Dulux.



YOU GET NEW CONVENIENCE

4. Extra storage space — in less kitchen space than before.
5. Extra-large frozen storage space — holds from .45 to 1.3 cubic feet.
6. Famous Quickube Ice Trays — trays slide out—cubes released instantly — no melting.
7. New aluminum rustproof shelves in two models — adjustable, sliding — more space between shelves.



YOU GET NEW ECONOMY — NEW DEPENDABILITY

8. New, extra-deep porcelain Hydrators — for fruits and vegetables.
9. New Meat Storage Drawer with plastic trivet — in Master models.
10. New full-width plastic Chill Drawer in De Luxe Cold-Wall Model — for meat and ice cube storage, quick chilling of beverages.
11. New handy plastic Basket Drawer for small items — in De Luxe Cold-Wall Model.



12. New, improved Meter-Miser — makes more cold with no more current.
13. New improved insulation — keeps more cold in, more heat out.
14. Improved cabinet—sturdy, rugged one-piece steel construction — for longer life.
15. Freon-12 refrigerant — developed by Frigidaire and General Motors.
16. New sealed-in mechanism covered by 5-Year Protection Plan.



This emblem on a Frigidaire refrigerator is your assurance of safe cold from top to bottom, lasting beauty, utmost convenience, proved economy features — plus General Motors dependability and Frigidaire's 30 years' experience in building more than 11½ million refrigerating units.

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MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

A Bonus on Overproduction Just Doesn't Make Sense

BUT I don't need any eggs, said Alice. In that case, the Mock Turtle said, I'll have to charge you a higher price for them.

Splendid! said Alice. And, naturally, I'll buy all the eggs you have to sell.

It's too bad that Lewis Carroll laid aside his pen before we invented the weird and wonderful world of price supports, subsidies and parities. He might have had a lot of fun with it.

Pretty expensive fun, though, and not too funny.

It's really not so funny that the United States Government, having encouraged surplus production in certain foodstuffs through its price guarantees, is now getting ready to unload some of its surpluses at give-away prices—thereby threatening to undermine the very market structure it has sought to maintain.

It is something less than hilarious that farm spokesmen at Ottawa are seeking to sell our own Government on the queer theory that when the average citizen goes shopping for his bread and butter it's his sacred duty to jack up the price with his own tax dollars. These sound like the doctrines that were tried and found so tragically wanting among the plowed-under

grainfields and the rotting fruit groves of the hungry thirties.

There are times—times of sudden emergency and unforeseeable dislocations in the buying and selling habits of the world—when artificial price supports are desirable and maybe even necessary as a temporary measure. Perhaps there is now a need of such temporary measures to help the farmer over the slump in the export market. But when such emergency measures become an end in themselves, a permanent built-in feature of the whole pattern of life, we don't see how they can possibly be made to make sense.

In the long run the only way to correct a surplus is to get rid of it. You can't correct a surplus by paying premiums on it. When you start subsidizing surpluses, not merely as a temporary expedient but as a matter of policy, you only invite more surpluses.

Right now, Canada's economy is a surplus economy. So long as our best customer is short of dollars, it won't be an easy economy to keep in balance. Whatever the disciples of subsidies say, we'll never balance it by giving long-term undertakings to buy what we can't use at prices we can't afford.

A Lesson for the CBC

BOTH BY law and by tradition, Canada is a bilingual country. Some citizens, both Canadian and Canadien, still regard this as an irksome nuisance. More and more of us are coming to recognize the positive aspects of our bilingualism, to see and appreciate that in this contracting world the more languages any person can speak the easier, fuller and more useful his life is apt to be. Ask any Canadian airman who bailed out over Holland, any sailor who docked at Murmansk, any soldier who slogged through France or Italy.

In a sense, this country is entirely populated by language teachers—roughly nine million teachers of English and four million teachers of French—most of whom are willing to give lessons for nothing and without the dulling restraints of classroom discipline. How many of us really bear down on our almost unique opportunity to learn an extra language—not just well enough to get through high school, but well

enough to use with pleasure and profit throughout our lives?

In the communities where French-speaking and English-speaking citizens live side by side, our largely theoretical bilingualism does frequently become a fact. But the average English-speaking Canadian seldom hears French spoken outside a classroom. Many French-speaking Canadians seldom hear English spoken. To a still considerable degree, our two great ethnic groups are physically and intellectually apart.

The machinery to correct this condition is already available. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which is owned by the people of Canada, could perform an invaluable service to the people and to the ultimate unity of the nation by conducting regular courses of instruction over the air in both languages. It is our understanding that such classes have been tried in the past. We suggest they should be tried again.

Mailbag

Hurt in his first fight, reader heartily agrees with "Sport That Kills"

RAY GARDNER'S article, "The Sport that Kills" (Jan. 15), is without a doubt the finest I have had the pleasure of reading. My advice to parents of any boy who wants to start fighting is to stop him before it is too late and he ends up in the hospital.

You see, sir, I could tell a story of a boy (myself) who thought he was going to be champion too, but you see, sir, I spent four months in the hospital and for 23 years or so I have been going around with a hole in my head from a trepan operation caused from a blood clot. I spent years under the finest trainers and instructors, training before I even fought. I had one amateur fight, then this.

I never made a nickel fighting and the fear of someone, or something, hitting me on the head, for 20 years has not been pleasant. I write this in the hope that I can save some good boy from making the same mistake I did.—John Oben, Vancouver.

Twisted Art?

Never before have I seen a person stand with feet pointed directly west while body is facing east. (See page 14, Jan. 1 Maclean's.) Did the artist do this on purpose to see how many



people would write in about it? I am most curious to know.

We enjoy the articles in your magazine very much, and wish you all prosperity in 1950.—Mrs. K. Campbell, Victoria.

It was intentional. The artist showed an old busybody stopped in her tracks and turning around for fear she'd miss something.

Alarming Note

Was it by coincidence that the article "I'm Asleep on my Feet" in your Jan. 15 issue was followed by the story "Wake up and Love"? I want to congratulate you on your fine magazine and to say that I thoroughly enjoy it, especially the nonfiction articles.—Mrs. Cora I. Thistle, Stratford, Ont.

Continued on page 46

Just to Remind you!

5 Reasons YOU'LL WANT A Westinghouse

Check them over when you choose your new washer. They mean a cleaner, brighter wash; longer life for your clothes; extra safety and convenience; more years of trouble-free service; more value for your dollar.

Your Westinghouse dealer will gladly show you why your best washer buy is Westinghouse!



Give a dollar to the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, 139½ Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Westinghouse

THE SAFE WASHER

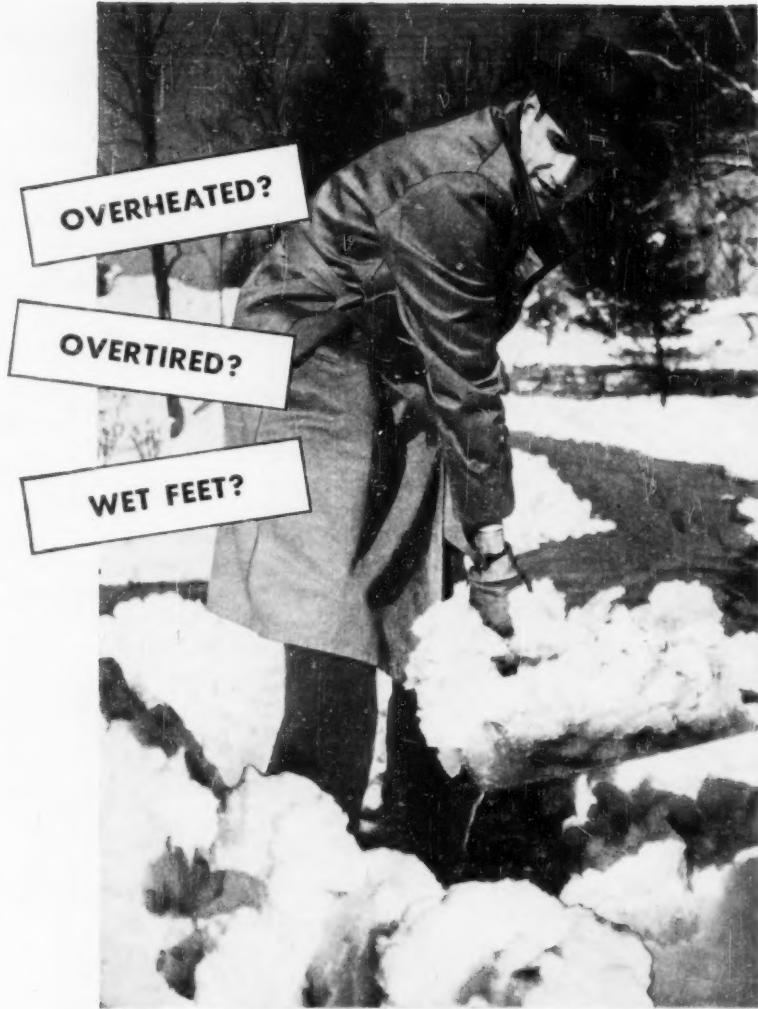
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YOUR BEST BUY IN WATER HEATERS

Now, all the hot water you want — when you want it — 24 hours a day! That's the kind of service you can expect from the new Westinghouse Electric Water Heater — it's clean, safe, dependable and economical to use! "Tank Guard" prevents rust . . . "Corox" Heating Units gives greater efficiency, you get more hot water at less cost! Sold on a 10-year PROTECTION PLAN!



Westinghouse Water Heater



Look out for a Cold!

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

This prompt and delightful precaution can often head off a cold or simple sore throat. Here's why:

When you're tired or overheated, when your feet are wet or cold, threatening germs, called the "secondary invaders," find it easier to stage a mass invasion of the throat tissue. They are the ones that are responsible for much of a cold's misery, authorities say.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic can often check such an invasion because, as it reaches way back on throat surfaces, it kills literally millions of these troublesome germs.

In other words, Listerine Antiseptic gives Nature a helping hand in warding off the infection you know as a cold.

For your protection during the cold-and-sore-throat months, make a habit of using Listerine Antiseptic regularly night and morning, and between times at



the first symptom of trouble.

Fewer Colds in Tests

Bear in mind that tests made over twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . fewer sore throats, too.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.



P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

MADE IN CANADA

In the Editors' Confidence

WHEN Ray Gardner went from Vancouver to Krestovia not long ago to gather material for the story on Doukhobors (page 7) his wife Kay went along to help with what is known in the trade as the legwork. Mrs. Gardner, of Ukrainian - Polish parentage, speaks Ukrainian, Polish and Russian fluently. She acted as interpreter for her husband who has managed to learn only one word which he says sounds like "malkinki" and means either "little" or "big." He isn't sure which.

Mrs. Gardner got along well with the Doukhobors, so well that in one home where the head of the house had four wives, he offered jestingly to swap two of them for Mrs. Gardner.

"Even if he had offered to throw in a good left-handed pitcher and an undisclosed amount of cash it wouldn't have been a deal. You should have seen John's other wives," Gardner said of the incident.

Mrs. Gardner was raised on a farm near Edmonton and can ride "like sixty" according to her husband whose riding ability is so meager that his seat of a merry-go-round steed has been criticized. However, he takes consolation from a fact revealed when he and his wife were living in England. "She can't ride a bicycle for peanuts," Gardner reports smugly.

In addition to being a handy linguist, Mrs. Gardner plays the mandolin, steps a neat measure in folk dances and can swim on her back. So far her husband has employed none of these diverse and impressive talents in the manufacture of magazine articles, but at the rate he is getting around Western Canada for Maclean's he has advised her to stand by.

"Kay is a pretty fair housekeeper and cook but she doesn't like to be confined to role of homemaker," Gardner writes with engaging candor. "She likes to



For Kay Gardner, a Doukhobor bid two wives. Ray said no.

get out and work. This is partly because she and I both like money and partly because I am lazy but mostly because she is a lively girl interested in what goes on and likes to meet people."

She used to work on the children's page of the Vancouver Sun and has done some work as a fashion model.

We heard from Matilda Etches after her story on page 19 had gone to press. The letter was written from a nursing home near London where the designer had gone to shake a cold she had caught during her recent visit to Toronto, and it carried an interesting budget of news. Etches is going to be married in the spring to Paul Holman, President Truman's senior economic adviser. He proposed to her on the telephone. She was in Montreal preparing to fly home and he was in Washington.

They'll be married in London when Mr. Holman goes to Oxford to give a series of lectures on American economic policy. They will live in Los Angeles where she plans to continue her career as a designer.



REX WOODS, who painted this cover, did his research in an atmosphere of "confidence, confusion and cosmetics," he tells us in his field report. Mr. Woods sat in on amateur rehearsals and first (and last) nights at Forest Hill Collegiate, Central Tech and Newmarket, all in the Toronto district. By way of further preparation the artist got in the mood by seeing, in quick succession, "Mr. Roberts," "Anne of the Thousand Days" and Katherine Cornell in "That Lady," all done by professional companies, of course.

SEE...TEST...DRIVE...

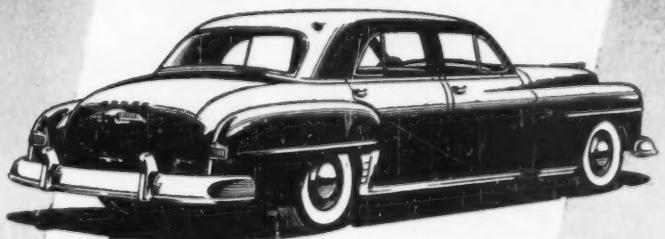
THE Sparkling NEW

1950 DODGE



CUSTOM DODGE OFFERS
SHIFT-FREE DRIVING

Now you can drive a Custom Dodge without shifting gears if you wish — with Dodge Gyro-Matic Transmission. You have complete control of the car at all times. The accelerator pedal automatically controls the shifting. Available as extra equipment on Custom Dodge only. Ask your Dodge dealer for further details and a demonstration.



SEE the new, low, hug-the-road appearance of the 1950 Dodge . . . the shining new colours and gleaming chrome . . . the exclusive styling.

TEST the extra comfort of the knee-level "posture-right" seats that let you drive without back or neck strain, even on the longest trips. Stretch your legs in the big, roomy interior . . . relax on luxurious upholstery . . . notice the beautiful appointments and the ample head room.

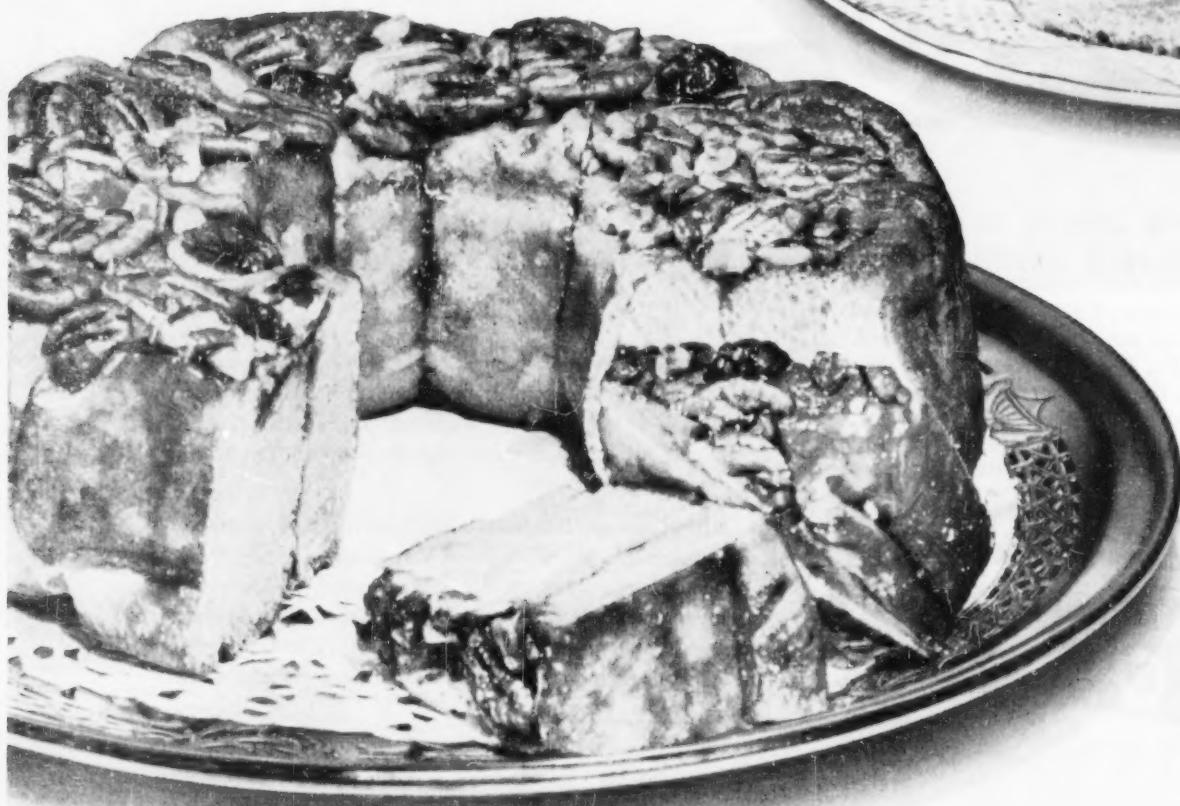
DRIVE the new Dodge for a day. Note how easily it handles . . . its power . . . its smoothness . . . its safety . . . the all-around vision. Ask your Dodge dealer about the many safety, economy and performance features which have built the Dodge reputation for Dependability — many exclusive to the Chrysler Corporation . . . others only now being adopted by other manufacturers. Then — you be the judge.

DODGE DELUXE • DODGE SPECIAL DELUXE • CUSTOM DODGE LOWEST-PRICED CAR WITH FLUID DRIVE

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!



1000 MEALS a year . . . that's your problem, lady. But don't let it get you down—bring your baker in on the act! Day after day, he can make your menus more inviting, with a bountiful array of good things for any meal. Sumptuous Pecan Rolls . . . tempting breads in variety . . . Butterfly Buns, oven-warmed and fragrant . . . countless other plain and fancy treats. You'll bless this happy answer to that three-a-day dilemma! Let your baker be your menu maker. See what's in your baker's basket today!



YOUR BAKER TO-DAY

supplies appetizing variety in daily bread—White, Brown, Raisin, Rye, Cracked Wheat, and many others. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy—an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.



JACK LINDSAY

If police arrest a Doukhobor stripper, 10 more disrobe; arrest them and 100 take off. What's the answer? That's what the B. C. cops would like to know.

THE DOUKS - B. C.'S HOLY TERRORISTS

What can you do with unworldly fanatics who mix worship with wife-sharing, pacifism with dynamiting, Christianity with arson? They confess, repent, then go toss another bomb

By RAY GARDNER

K RESTOVA, a mysterious unworldly village set atop a barren plateau in southern British Columbia, is the spiritual and conspiratorial home of Canada's strangest, most destructive and most impenetrable religious sect—the nude-parading, fire-raiding Sons of Freedom Doukhobors.

There, in the village of Christ (Krestova is the Anglicized version of the Russian for "Christ's" or "belonging to Christ"), has been planned and

plotted what the Sons of Freedom sometimes call "the devil's black work."

By "black work" the Sons of Freedom mean the spasmodic outbursts of burnings and bombings—usually accompanied by mass disrobing—which have terrorized the mountainous B. C. Kootenay country since 1923. Property damage caused by Sons of Freedom incendiary is estimated conservatively at \$2 millions.

Krestova is really no more than a scattering of unpainted frame houses, linked by twisting mud roads, bordered by rough-hewn log fences; a village that might have existed in the Czarist Russia from

which the original Doukhobors came, but which hardly seems real in 20th-century Canada. It has no stores, no telephone, no post office, no organized administrative body, and has no direct bus or railway service.

Its population is estimated roughly (very roughly, for the Sons refuse to register births or deaths) at about 900. Yet, on a single day in 1947, 32 Sons of Freedom from Krestova were sentenced to a total of 245 years' imprisonment for arson and riotous burning. In other trials the same week 13 more Krestova Sons were jailed, raising the total of sentences to 300 years.

Continued on page 44

STARLETS IN THE TV STAKES

Beautiful young hopefuls are shouting Shakespeare, crooning commercials, stamping the stage, always with a bright eye on a television future. Typical is Edmonton's Dianne Foster who expertly mixes soap and high art

By MCKENZIE PORTER



IN 18 MONTHS Dianne Foster, a dark, spectacularly good-looking girl of 20, has made the long trip from amateur theatricals and part-time radio work in Edmonton to the inner circle of Canadians based in Toronto who make their living out of their acting.

She is a living refutation of the notion that the entrance to stage and radio work in Canada is a door that yields only to pull. When Dianne came to Toronto in August 1948 with \$200 she didn't know a soul in the city.

For the last nine months she's been averaging \$150 a week out of hamming in soap operas, spouting commercials, and putting her art into serious roles.

On Broadway or around Leicester Square Dianne's earnings would seem like canary seed. But in Canada, where only a handful of men and women can eat by acting alone, it is tops. This winter Dianne bought her first fur coat.

The Toronto group which Dianne has joined, made up of polished established veterans and eager newcomers like herself, came into being largely under the influence of Andrew Allan, bland, smooth CBC producer of the middle-brow Sunday night "Stage 50" series, and Dora Mavor Moore, middle-aged queen bee of the New Play Society, which, with Les Compagnons of Montreal, is the nearest approximation in this country to the classic repertory theatres of Great Britain and the U. S.

Because Toronto is the headquarters of the nation's radio advertising business and the hub of the CBC's operations, it naturally attracts young Canadians who want to earn a living acting. Today Dianne is one of the five best-paid actresses in the country. The other four, Ruth Springford, Alice Hill, Mona O'Hearne and Beth Lockerbie, are perhaps better-known to listeners to radio drama because they have been playing leads longer.

Among the other promising newcomers in the Toronto group are Pegi Brown, Toby Robins and Gwendolyn Dainty. All these young actresses are getting as much stage experience as possible with an eye to the baleful capricious eye of the television camera before which they will one day stand or fall as professionals.

Most Canadian actors and actresses get their bread-and-butter money by doing soap operas and commercials. The work they get from "Stage 50," "Ford Theatre," "Buckingham Theatre," "CBC Wednesday Night" and the New Play Society productions on the cramped stage of the Museum Theatre are inclined to regard as gravy. The caviar will probably come, for those who make the grade, when TV flashes its bright pictures across the nation.

Meanwhile it's Sheridan and Goldsmith for art's sake and soap blurbs for the sake of food and shelter.

Dianne Foster is no exception. In "Brave

Mavor Moore directs Gwen Dainty who hurried home from Chelsea to join the video lineup.

Voyage," a 15-minute tear-stained smile which plugs Rinso every day on CBC network, she opens the emotional sea-cocks in the leading character of "Helen Manning" who, according to the "teaser," is a "young Canadian woman, trying, despite heavy responsibilities and bitter disappointments, to live a rich, meaningful life." (Deep brown music . . .)

From such work she will step on "Stage 50" into the title part of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," a princess who has "little white doves for feet," whose hands "flutter like white butterflies," and whose face is "like the shadow of a white rose in a mirror of silver." (A little Debussy, please . . .)

Or she will plunge lustily into the role of a sullen Spanish trollop in Hemingway's "Fifth Column," bringing the dated behind-the-lines atmosphere of alcohol, lechery and disillusion to a close by purring as she slinks through a doorway into the bedroom of a counterespionage agent, "Eeet u-wahs a lohvlee bahth." (The brass Mr. Agostini, the brass . . .)

Accents are one of Dianne's specialties. Whenever she hears a curious accent on a streetcar she makes mental notes. At home she has a book on how to speak English in 100 different ways.

While this sort of thing is calculated to improve her radio acting technique there is always the thought, too, that the lessons thus learned may prove useful when television comes.

To the young actresses video presents itself as a godsend or a menace. Even the truly great authors usually call for a lovely lead. Some of the plainer actresses who've done splendidly in juvenile leads over the blind radio are beginning to pull character faces at themselves in mirrors.

Dianne has no problem here. She is 5 ft. 5 in., and weighs 112 lb. She has long thin legs, a slender waist, a piquant bust and a disturbing glance smoldering under heavy lashes.

Her offstage presence is mercurial and fluctuating as if dozens of stage characters were struggling to inhabit her real self. But its central motif is gay cynicism glittering out of big brown eyes, wrinkling in the tip of a retroussé nose, and falling musically, in bitter-sweet laughter, from a generous red mouth.

Many people forget she is, after all, a youngster. To one man who offered her a cocktail in a restaurant she said with mock gravity: "Beware! You could be prosecuted for contributing to the delinquency of a minor!" Actually she takes the odd drink. She also prefers the company of men older than herself.

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



Toby Robins, while taking her B.A. at University of Toronto, is hitting her dramatic stride.

At right, Pegi Brown lounges while studying a drama script. Many say she's Canada's best.

She is photogenic but this does not necessarily mean the video camera will look with favor on her. In any event she will face stiff competition from the girls of the New Play Society.

The NPS is a professional repertory group which grew out of Dora Mavor Moore's amateur Village Players in 1946 and has been hailed as "one of Canada's most significant theatrical developments."

The purpose of the society is "to establish a living theatre in Canada on a professional but nonprofit basis." From the last half of this credo it will be seen that NPS is idealistic. Without any malice, but out of sheer admiration, Robert Christie, one of the society's best males, described it recently as "a madhouse."

Dora Mavor Moore is a zealot. Her slogan is, "There are no small parts; only small actors." Her lips quiver with pride when she talks about her NPS.

This season she is producing five plays and a revue by Canadian authors. Her programs always boast new Canadian novels. She carries a torch staunchly for all aspects of Canadian culture. The NPS has staged everything from Sophocles to musical comedy. No stuffed-shirt setup, it took the Royal Alexandra Theatre for Christmas and presented an English pantomime for children between the ages

Continued on page 53



Dianne Foster left Edmonton with \$200, now averages \$150 a week in radio's inner circle.





WIDE WORLD, STAR

Narriman Sadek's fiance didn't have a chance when Farouk laid eyes on her.



The King skipped school to woo Farida, divorced her when she bore no sons.

THE KING WHO GETS WHAT HE WANTS

By ROY GRAHAM

LAST January His August Majesty, King Farouk the First of Egypt, an obese, blue-spectacled autocrat who likes to behave like a medieval caliph in the twentieth century, imperiously whisked a sultry-eyed 16-year-old brunette from the arms of her betrothed amid widespread rumors that he planned to make her his Queen.

Not since the King of England kept his tryst with an American divorcee has a royal romance wagged more tongues. Farouk's poverty-ridden peasants, his military leaders and his religious mentors have suddenly become as critical of their king as the subjects of a virtually absolute monarch can safely get. His throne is still firm, but Farouk is plunging head on into a storm of opinion that has slowly been rising since he peremptorily divorced his handsome black-haired Queen Farida on the pretext that she could not bear him a son.

Why does Farouk persist in this course of action? One explanation came last month from a cousin of the Egyptian royal family. Said she:

"People now call King Farouk a bride-stealer but they don't know the whole truth. His sudden interest in Miss Narriman Sadek was in reality a

last-minute effort to work out his own salvation."

The relative points out that the young ruler has been slowly ruining his health in the past few years. He had become a rich man's Billy Rose by acquiring most of the major night clubs in Cairo—the Auberge Bleue, the Auberge des Pyramides and half a dozen other dancing halls and cabarets—and hardly an evening passed when he didn't go out and "inspect his business." Not that he cared much for the profits. His father, who had come to the throne a poor man, left him a cold \$50 millions, and his annual civil list amounted to \$1,730,000. He was more interested in the floor show than in the cover charges.

The brothers Sousse, three enterprising Greeks who had peddled scrap iron before going into the amusement industry, saw to the royal interests. They imported a never-ending galaxy of singers, dancers and show girls likely to please His Majesty. In each establishment they kept a table permanently reserved for him and his private secretary and inveterate night-clubbing companion, Pulu Bey, whom many Egyptians call his "black soul."

If a young lady in the floor show struck the King's fancy, he simply would wink at the manager and ask him to invite her out to his opulent Halfway House after the performance. Few entertainers declined the boss' invitation. *Continued on page 51*

He owned a fifth of Egypt, a string of night clubs and a reputation as a playboy. But he wasn't happy without another man's sweetheart



Farouk's escapades have annoyed army, church and voters. He thinks a new wife may put things right.

Is the H-BOMB The Answer

By **BLAIR FRASER**

Maclean's Ottawa Editor

PRESIDENT TRUMAN ordered a super-bomb last month. "New weapon is defense against any possible enemy," the headlines crowed. Poor Joe Stalin with his little outdated plutonium bomb was left far behind; the West was still invulnerable.

There is only one catch. Nobody knows whether a hydrogen bomb can be made. The hydrogen chain reaction, in theory a thousand times as potent as that of uranium, takes place in the sun at temperatures above 20 million degrees centigrade and pressures of 160 billion atmospheres. President Truman announced, not that we can produce these incredible conditions on earth but that the United States will now spend some money trying.

This is the Western world's answer—so far the only answer—to the Russian exploit of last September 23. All that has happened, really, is that the English-speaking democracies have wakened from a dream that lasted 4½ years. They dreamed they had a monopoly of atomic weapons.

They knew it wouldn't last forever, but they thought they had plenty of time. One man with a big name in military research told me in 1947 the Russians couldn't produce atomic weapons in less than 20 years, if then.

On Sept. 23 President Truman announced that "an atomic explosion has taken place in the Soviet Union." Our experts, including the one who had said it would take the Russians 20 years, immediately announced that they were not surprised—they'd expected it all along.

What have they done about it? What difference has it made in the atomic policy of Canada, Britain and the United States?

Except for the decision to try for the H-bomb, none at all. The United Nations are getting nowhere in the effort for international control. The purblind policy of secrecy still hobbles fundamental research in the democracies. New expansion and development of atomic plants are planned but not yet executed. Civil defense, a forgotten problem until the Russians dropped their bomb, is still in the discussion stage on this continent, with great many life-or-death decisions not yet made.

I went to Washington to get these answers to the biggest question of 1950. People at the State Department, the Atomic Energy Commission and at the United Nations in New York all talked pretty frankly, off the record. So did officials in Ottawa. It was clear there's been a marked change of attitude and atmosphere, a new urgency in the study of various problems. But actual results, up to now, have been few.

If there were international policing and inspection of atom bomb plants there would be less danger of the nations using them to reduce one another to rubble. Plans for international control of atomic energy have been deadlocked for a year and a half.



Western scientists are working on a bomb as terrible as the sun itself. They hope it will be a force for peace. But that force is still hobbled by a purblind secrecy while life-and-death problems of policy remain unsolved

The announcement of the Russian bomb came just as the 1949 UN Assembly was getting underway. Canada's Minister of External Affairs, Hon. L. B. Pearson, took an active part in urging complete re-examination of the various proposals for international control.

But where would that get us? "My own hunch is, there won't be any real change," a U.S. diplomat said. "Russia will accept control only on her own terms, which nobody in his right mind would meet. Any effective control will make an open country of the Soviet Union. Nothing feasible could stop short of that—and the Russians won't have it."

Deadlock in the United Nations isn't our fault. In other fields of atomic policy, even more urgent under the circumstances, progress has been slow with less excuse.

Atomic research in all western nations, even within the three that made the atomic bomb in the first place, still gropes through a fog of secrecy imposed on American scientists by the McMahon Act of 1946. The McMahon Act makes it a crime, punishable by a \$10,000 fine and 10 years imprisonment, to disclose any secret atomic data which would "secure an advantage to any foreign nation." That prohibition has been a blighting restraint on the exchange of knowledge, ideas and general shop-talk which is the life force of basic research.

"If we'd had the present secrecy system 15 years ago, we'd never have discovered the atomic bomb at all," a Canadian scientist said. "The basic discoveries were made in almost every western country except Canada and the United States. Without the fundamental work done in Italy,

France, Germany, Denmark, Britain, we on this continent wouldn't have known where to start."

American scientists and government officials are keenly aware of the high cost of secrecy. They have been pressing for years to loosen the present regulations. They have found by experience that the hoarding of scientific information is always a deterrent and sometimes a boomerang.

Canada played a role in one incident demonstrating this fact. Dr. Leo Szilard, distinguished American physicist and a leader in U. S. atomic research, described it to a Senate committee:

"We had a good method (for separating plutonium from its parent uranium-238) of which we were very proud, and we weren't supposed to explain it to the Canadian project. This annoyed our British friends. The result, however, was that they worked out a method superior to the one we're using—much simpler and more complete."

Some people are wondering how many short cuts the Russians may have found, charting their own course from Einstein's equation to the nuclear explosion of last September.

Scientists in the United States, Britain and Canada are all equally aware of these factors. At conferences in Washington last autumn they all took it for granted that we'd be better off with a full sharing of information. Argument developed on the way we ought to split up the work.

Americans thought it would be a waste of effort and a needless sacrifice of military security to have Britain duplicate American facilities for making atomic bombs. They didn't like the idea of an atomic arsenal in the British Isles, where a Russian invasion might capture it intact and bring the enemy abreast of us overnight. They want to keep bomb production and stock-piling on this continent.

American, Canadian and British spokesmen all deny the report that this American demand led to deadlock. The British had no insuperable objection to it. They did want to be very sure of a free hand in atomic research generally, including the development of atomic weapons other than The Bomb. Their reasons are partly military, partly economic.

"I think the British count on atomic energy to restore them to world leadership," said a man from Canada's External Affairs Department. "Britain went into eclipse once before, when she lost the American colonies. It looked like the end of the Empire. But the Industrial Revolution was just beginning, and it gave Britain power and eminence she'd never had before. Maybe the Atomic Revolution will do the same thing if Britain gets the same kind of head start."

Officials of all three countries thought these differences of view fairly minor and had no doubt they could work out a mutually agreeable arrangement. On the other hand, they were equally unanimous that the present system isn't good.

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E. P. TAYLOR AND HIS EMPIRE

By PIERRE BERTON



You don't have to own a firm to control it. Here's how Ed Taylor got to be a titan by just buying the right "piece"

Part Two

AT THE age of 49 and at the peak of his career Edward Plunkett Taylor, a bull-like man with a halfback's shoulders and an unbridled passion for high finance, finds himself Canada's most controversial business figure.

He is loved, hated, feared and admired in equally large doses. A man who likes to keep out of politics he is a target for all the passions which politicians inspire; a man who enjoys comparative obscurity he is plagued by what he considers a host of misconceptions about himself.

Temperance people are enraged at the idea of Taylor, Canada's biggest brewer, selling food, candy and soft drinks to innocent children. Recently the women's auxiliary of Toronto's Wesley United Church was armed with a list of Taylor-made products and urged to boycott them. Yet Taylor himself drinks only occasionally and has never been seen even mildly intoxicated.

Left wingers consider him a devouring octopus grabbing power and money. One Toronto man, a student of Taylor's enterprises, used to arrive home every night and announce to his wife the name of another brand product which Taylor controlled. After 30 days he was still going. Yet Taylor hasn't yet made the CCF's list of the 50 most powerful men in Canada.

Many businessmen distrust Taylor and consider his empire shaky. Others point out that he has pumped more than \$60 millions into postwar Canadian business through expansion programs and new developments and that he indirectly provides jobs for more than 30,000 Canadians.

Perhaps the most common misconception is that Taylor "owns" the 17-odd companies with which his name is associated. Taylor controls many of them but he doesn't own them, nor does he need to. The other day he described his position in one sentence by saying: "I simply own the largest piece of the largest piece."

For example, Taylor owns 5/17 of Argus Corp.'s common, or voting, stock which is the largest single holding. This gives him control of Argus. Argus is a unique holding company owning large slices of the voting *Continued on page 47*

Taylor (shown at left with King's Plate trophy) doesn't own the companies shown in chart at right but he controls many of them through his giant Argus holding company (top) or through Taylor, McDougald, his private investment company.

GILBERT A. WILSON

Chart by Parlane

TAYLOR-LAND

Orange Crush (B.C.) Ltd.
Orange Crush (Western) Ltd.
Associated Bottlers Ltd.
Evangeline Beverages (Ont.) Ltd.
Kik Company
Charles Gurd & Co. Ltd.
Beverages International Inc.
(Delaware)
The Orange Crush Company

DIRECTOR
ORANGE CRUSH

The Massey-Harris Co. (U.S.A.)
The Goble Disc Works
Massey-Harris Company (Maine)
Compania Massey-Harris Sociedad de
Responsabilidad Limitada
Maquinas Massey-Harris Limitada
Massey-Harris Company (South Africa)
Ltd.
Massey-Harris Ltd. (Eng.)
Massey-Harris A/S (Denmark)
Cie. Massey-Harris
Massey-Harris Co. G.m.b.H.
Massey-Harris Belgique
F. F. Barber Machinery Co. Ltd.
Associated Companies
H. V. McKay Massey-Harris Proprietary
Ltd.
H. V. McKay Massey-Harris (Queensland)
Pty. Ltd.
South African Farm Implement Manufacturers Ltd.

MASSEY-HARRIS DIRECTOR

Goderich Salt Co. Ltd.
Maritime Industries Ltd.
Dalglish Chemicals Ltd.
Dalglish (Quebec) Ltd.
Schofield-Donald Limited

Other Interests
Commercial Alcohols Ltd.
Chemical Developments of Canada Ltd.
Irwin Dyestuffs Corp.

DIRECTOR
STANDARD CHEMICAL

Canada Creosoting Co. Ltd.
Alexander Murray & Co. Ltd.
Canada Roof Products Ltd.
American Tar & Chemical Co. (Delaware)
Industrial Minerals Ltd.
Sifto Salt Co. Ltd.
The Dominion Salt Co. Ltd.
Vancouver Creosoting Co.
Prairie Salt Co. Ltd.
Dominion Alkali and Chemical Co. Ltd.

DIRECTOR
DOMINION TAR AND CHEMICAL

DIRECTOR
McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL

DIRECTOR
EXCELSIOR LIFE

DIRECTOR
NATIONAL TRUST

DIRECTOR
DOMINION STORES

DOMINION

PRESIDENT
ARGUS CORP.

Industrial Food Services Ltd.
Honey Dew Inc.
Honey Dew Sandwich Shop Inc.
Woman's Bakery Limited —
Barker's Bakeries Ltd.
Manning Biscuit Co. Ltd.
Federal System of Bakeries Ltd.

Controlled

Muirheads Cafeterias Ltd.
Willards Chocolates Ltd.
Suchard Canada Limited
Picardy Limited —
Picardy Candy (Alberta) Ltd.
Picardy Candy (Sask.) Ltd.
Canadian Window Bakeries Ltd.
Golden Rule Bakery Ltd.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
CANADIAN FOOD PRODUCTS

British American Brewing Co. Ltd.
O'Keefe's Brewery (Ottawa) Ltd.
Brading's Capital Brewery Ltd.
The Carling Breweries Ltd.
O'Keefe's Brewery (Walkerville) Ltd.
Canadian Breweries (Quebec) Ltd.
O'Keefe's Brewing Co. Ltd.
O'Keefe's Ale Brewery Ltd.
O'Keefe's Brewery (West Toronto) Ltd.
O'Keefe's Brewery (East Toronto) Ltd.
Canadian Breweries Transport Ltd.
Industrial Assets Ltd.
Victory Mills Ltd.
Canadian Breweries Inc. (Delaware)

Controlled
Brewing Corporation of America

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
CANADIAN BREWERIES

Sitka Spruce Lumber Co. Ltd.
Blackstock Logging Co. Ltd.

B.C. FOREST PRODUCTS

PRESIDENT
TAYLOR, McDougald

Home Publishing Co. Ltd.
National Home Monthly
Canadian Finance
Prairie Grocer
Motor in Canada
Canadian Farm Implements
Canadian Welder
Oil in Canada
Western Canada Coal Review

STOVEL PRESS

STANDARD RADIO LIMITED
Canadian Radio Artists' Bureau Ltd.
Rogers Radio Broadcasting Co. Ltd.
(CFRB, Toronto)

ST. LAWRENCE CORPORATION LTD.
St. Lawrence Paper Mills Ltd.
Brompton Pulp and Paper Co. Ltd.

HURON FOREST PRODUCTS

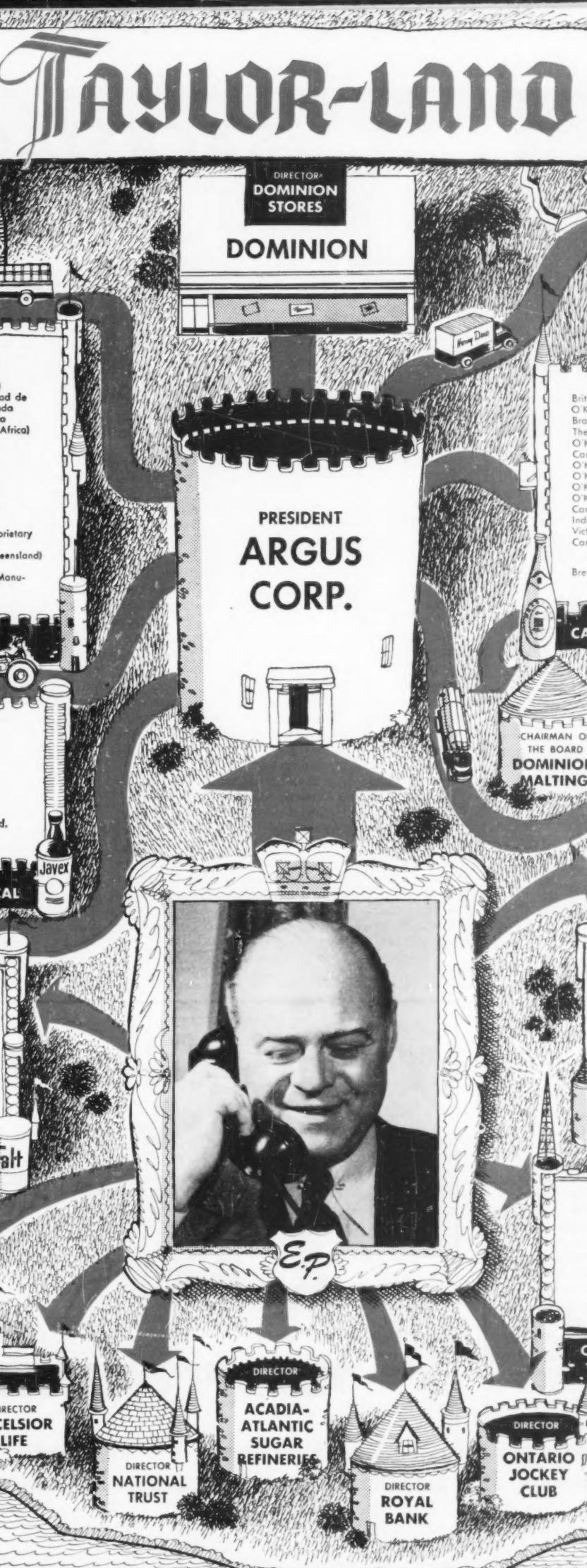
OTHER MINOR INTERESTS

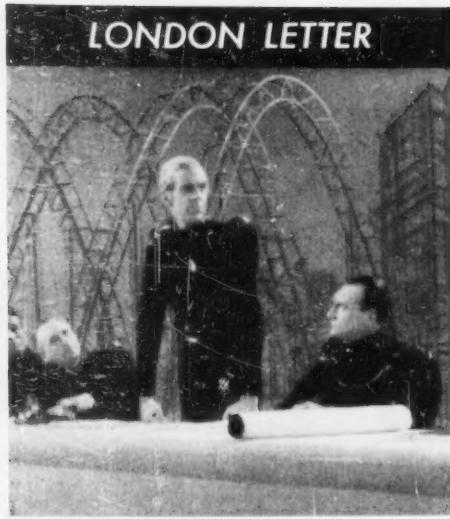
DIRECTOR
ROYAL BANK

DIRECTOR
ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB

DIRECTOR
ACADIA-ATLANTIC SUGAR REFINERIES

E.P.
3-1932





PENGUIN
Wells' dream of future — sanitary but deadly.

The Laws of Life Won't Change

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

WHEN I first came to London there was a little man with a big brain and a high squeaky voice who had constituted himself a prophet called upon to chart the future of the human race. His name was world famous, being H. G. Wells.

Certainly he had a questing mind and he possessed that imperative background to success known as industry. His "Outline of History" was a monumental piece of work, his best novels will live for ever, and his interest in every form of science amounted almost to passion.

Inevitably he wrote a book forecasting the future, called it "The Shape of Things to Come," and in it foretold the character of the next war in which life as we knew it would be destroyed for ever. His description of the bombing of London was not far wrong although he made it much more devastating than it actually proved to be.

But from the war-ravaged world of his imagination there rose a new civilization that was scientific, sanitary, co-operative and peaceful. Men wore a loose open-necked shirt and shorts with bare legs and sandals—which would suggest that even the weather had come under scientific control. The women wore light loose draperies revealing lots of leg but in the classic manner, and instead of meals the people ate a tablet of condensed nutritive content.

Everyone, if my memory is correct, wore a combined wrist watch and wireless set and carried an inkless fountain pen. Under expert direction the children danced in the parks. The authorities were not miserable politicians but men of wisdom who thought only of the good of the people. Science had so advanced production that only a short period of the day was needed for work, thus releasing the people for cultural classes. Punishment consisted of a denial of privileges.

Alexander Korda was so struck by the whole thing that he made a film of it. The critics were quite nice about it and he did not lose nearly as much

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Behind the Arctic Blackout

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

LAST MONTH there was a conference of Canadian and American weathermen in Ottawa. They decided among other things to set up a new weather station on the northern tip of Ellesmere Island, nearer the North Pole than any station ever established before.

The story wouldn't have attracted much notice in the Press Gallery if it had been announced in the ordinary way or if the meeting itself had been open. What did rouse reporters' curiosity was to find that the whole conference was supposed to be treated as secret. Information about the new, farthest-north weather station had to be wormed out of half a dozen different people, most of whom said, "You can't print it." And the story was finally cleared only by somebody's discovery, in a file of old press releases, that it had been officially announced last June.

Why all the secrecy? Civilian weathermen from both countries said, "We don't know. It's the rule, that's all." (It was quite clear they didn't like the rule, either. Both weather bureaus would prefer a little more publicity about what they're doing; they think it would help them get recruits and perhaps more money from Parliament and/or Congress.)

Military and External Affairs people explained, with some embarrassment, that "by mutual agreement" all information about joint Canada-U. S. activities shall be given by joint announcements, cleared at both capitals. But it took very little enquiry to show that the impulse toward secrecy comes from Ottawa, not Washington. American officials go along with the policy amiably enough, but they don't really see much sense in it.

Canadian aversion to publicity about the Arctic



is partly based on experience. There have been times, over the past three or four years, when news about the four or five joint weather stations up north has been blown up to sound as if we were running a chain of air bases along the Siberian border.

However, with a little prodding, Ottawa officials concede that there's another motive. The Canadian Government is allergic to publicity about Americans on Canadian soil. They seem to think it may have a political kickback.

There is probably an element of truth in this. Experience has shown that when news of joint operations is made available directly, without the impediment of official channels, American accounts tend to sound as if the project were a solely American activity. This is natural enough—Canadian accounts often overemphasize Canada's share in the same way, and you find a similar tendency in any country. But the unique feature of Canadian-American relations is that American papers, especially magazines, are widely read in Canada too. Canadians could and probably would get a wrong and irritating impression; there might be protests against a "Yankee occupation" of our Arctic.

However, in this particular case it is a fact that the United States is carrying much the heavier part of the load. Personnel at the weather stations is half Canadian, half American, with a Canadian in command at each post, but the big element in cost is air transport, and so far that has been exclusively provided by the United States armed services. The RCAF is putting one North Star on the job this year for the first time. Exact expenditures are hard to work out, since the supply flights are tied up with the air-training

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If Uncle Sam pays most of the bills, is it tactful to take the credit?



Lester Patrick's 50 Years on Ice

Part One

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

IT IS curious, when you come to think of it, that the most vivid symbol of Canadian life consists of a game in which 12 overstuffed men on artificial feet use an artificial wooden arm 53 inches long to propel a piece of artificial rubber along a stretch of artificial ice.

Yet Canadians play hockey, talk hockey and dream hockey as naturally as they breathe. Hockey, better than any other thing, expresses Canada. It is, perhaps, our only truly national expression which cuts across language, race, age and distance.

But hockey has become much more than a game. It is a myth. By now the myth has produced its first mythological figure. His name is Lester Patrick.

As was said by Hilaire Belloc of the French nation, Lester has marched across the world (on skates) only to be sucked back to his original home, having accomplished nothing but an epic. He is home again in Victoria, after 50 years of hockey—a powerful, white-haired and handsome old gentleman of 66 who could pass for 50—and, having accomplished his epic, is amusing himself with his old love—a minor-league hockey team, the Victoria Cougars of the Pacific Coast League.

The epic will not be recounted in detail since

most Canadians know it already—the lean, gangling Montreal amateur with a face like an eagle and a body of structural steel who invested the family wealth, hardly short of disaster, in the hockey teams and rinks of the Pacific Coast, played spectacular hockey himself until he was on the edge of 50, managed five world championship clubs, sold his teams just in time to the National League and climaxed his public career managing the New York Rangers.

All the exploits of a figure who was part athlete, part tough businessman and part adventurer have made Lester one of the most famous Canadians of his time. His reputation is largely caricature, for under the public

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Is hockey as good as it used to be? Did Cyclone Taylor really score goals while skating backward?
After five decades in the game the old Grey Fox offers some verdicts — and also some heresies



The hectic holiday pace at Cannes sets breakfast back to midday.



At Nice it's nice to cycle under the palms of the waterfront prom.

The Riviera — Bare Skins and Bank Rolls

**They shoot craps now at Monte Carlo where once a glittering royalty ruled.
And among the beauties on the beaches you can't tell a steno from a princess**

By GEORGE W. HERALD

CAP D'ANTIBES—The setting is unchanged. The postcard-blue sea, the gleaming white stucco villas, the palm-studded boulevards, the pastel-colored hill towns, the theatrical snow-peaks in the background still form one of the most enchanting landscapes on earth. But the people on the Riviera have changed.

No longer is this fascinating stretch of the Mediterranean the exclusive playground of the select few born to money and position. Society, in the old sense of the word, is dead.

A Victorian dowager caused quite a stir the other day at a Villefranche cocktail party when she asked in a haughty tone: "But who are all these people? Where do they come from? I have never heard of any one of them."

"Don't worry, dearie," the hostess answered. "You see, they've never heard of you either."

In fact, most of "these people" have neither rank nor titles, but simply belong to the mass of international escapists now invading the Côte d'Azur at all seasons of the year.

Father José, the old gentleman who has run my favorite hotel at Cap d'Antibes for 20 years, has his own way of dividing this hotchpotch into groups.

"Some come for the maximum, others for the minimum," he says tersely. "Most of them fluctuate between these two poles."

He explains that the "maximum" is the highest stake allowed in Monte Carlo, while the "minimum" is a new type of bathing suit chiefly worn on the Isle of Levant.

"You must go and see both," he added, "if you want to keep up-to-date about the Riviera."

Down at the Cannes water front one day I ran

into a crowd excitedly watching a group of people leave the Gosse, a white vessel moored offshore, and come landward in a speedboat.

"Let's not miss this," I heard an onlooker whisper. "It's the admiral in person!"

When the speedboat pulled up alongside the pier I discovered that the admiral was a woman. She was wearing a navy-blue coat, white slacks and a gold-braided cap. When she spoke to the young officers escorting her they snapped to attention and answered with straight faces: "Oui, mon Amiral. A vos ordres, mon Amiral."

The bystanders gave the woman a big, if less respectful, hand. "Cheers for the Little Sparrow!" they shouted.

Darryl Zanuck Lost Three Millions

THE WOMAN smiled at them like someone whose wildest dreams had come true. Twenty-five years ago she had been a poor Paris cabaret singer known as the Little Sparrow. One night prosperous Benitez Rexach fell in love with her voice and took her with him to the U. S.

When he lost his fortune in the 1929 crash the girl stuck to him. She sold the jewels he had given her and with the proceeds he soon managed to recoup. He married his faithful sparrow and became one of the world's wealthiest constructors.

The Gosse, a former submarine chaser, had been converted into a luxury yacht so that his wife could stage a spectacular return to France on their 20th wedding anniversary.

The people with the spending money have changed, but not the scene. The square in front of Monte Carlo's wedding-cake casino looks like a movie set left untouched since 1900. Its parterre of magnolias and water lilies is as symmetrical as



Elsa Maxwell (with U. S. Consul Johnson here) got a Casino handout from Darryl F. Zanuck.

a roulette table. Around it gravitate mustached coachmen, perfumed jewelers, Italian ice vendors and dehydrated spinsters with cherry blossom hats who seem to come right out of Hollywood's Central Casting Office. But they were guaranteed genuine.

When I asked about a veiled old lady sitting under a lace-trimmed umbrella on the porch of the Hotel de Paris, I was told she was *Senora de Bittencourt*, a onetime intimate of Empress Eugénie.

Even good old General Polotsov was still there in the Casino lobby to bow deeply from the waist as though greeting the grand dukes of another age.

Inside the private salons, however, I was suddenly back in the present. The oval chips they use there now are worth 100,000 francs (\$300). I just came in time to watch film mogul Darryl F. Zanuck lose 3 million francs in a matter of minutes—a lot of dough even by his standards. When he later regained part of it he handed ten 100,000-franc chips to a footman, pointed at a dejected lady at the other end of the table, said: "Please carry this to Miss Maxwell with my compliments."

The face of Elsa Maxwell, famous party thrower, lit up in a grateful smile. Half an hour later she looked dejected again.

Reginald C. Simmons, a shrewd bespectacled Cornishman, who was holding the baccarat bank, cheerfully admitted he was the only one to win in the long run.

"I manage to deal 420 coups per night at an average of 500,000 francs each," he told me. "The maximum my clients are authorized to bet is 2 millions, but they rarely reap substantial profits. Even if they get away with a few millions, they usually come back quickly to get rid of them again. For us, it's just money sleeping out."

Simmons pointed at a young Corsican who was watching eagerly.

"Two nights ago that man won almost 15 millions here," he said. "At dawn he walked out, bought himself a ham sandwich and a bottle of beer and rented a room in a nearby hotel to relax from the long tension. When the casino reopened in the afternoon he returned and, within an hour, he had lost his entire gain of the day before. All he had gotten out of his 15 millions had been a sandwich and a glass of beer."

A sudden murmur went through the room and even those deeply absorbed in the game lifted their heads to look at the new arrival—a cherub-faced old gentleman preceded by the smoke of a big Havana cigar. Winston Churchill, accompanied by his wife, had interrupted his rest in Lord Beaverbrook's villa on Cap d'Ail to have a bit of fun.

Churchill chatted volubly with the croupiers in what he seemed to consider flawless French and carefully noted the play on a little pad. Although he gambled for pretty high stakes he never lost his serene countenance. He pricked his ears from time to time as strange distant shrieks pierced the salon's mahogany walls. He turned to Simmons. "I understand that your casino drives some people crazy, but may I ask why you keep them in the building?"

The Cornishman reassured him: "These are just Americans, sir. They are playing a crap game across the hall."

Churchill had known this casino for almost 50 years, but it had never occurred to him that dice would roll one day in its ornate rooms. He only shook his head lightly and didn't say a word, but all over his face was written the question: "Where is this world heading, anyway?"

It seems the innovation was due to a casual remark screen-tough Edward G. Robinson once made after a night's run at roulette. As he walked out of the casino he was overheard saying, "Gee, I'd give anything for a real good crap game around here."

This was reported to Prince Ranier, the new young ruler of Monaco, who immediately ordered

some U. S. crap tables to be imported. They have been such a success, even with Europeans, that the prince now plans more changes.

In fact the 26-year-old monarch is a bit tired of the pre-World War I charm of his handkerchief kingdom. He is a modern who likes racing cars and pin-up girls; he thinks his state needs some thorough stream-lining.

"We seek an American loan and have just asked the French Government for a share in the Marshall Plan credits," one of the prince's young advisers told me. "If we get the money we are going to create a free port for Monaco, construct a big motion-picture studio and build a tunnel over the railway track passing through our state. We also will establish a direct airline, Miami-Monte Carlo, so that the dollars can come across faster."

No contrast could have been bigger than that between this glorified gambling den and the wild untouched beauty of the Isle of Levant where I

went the following week end. The island, 10 miles southwest of St. Tropez, is also known as "the poor man's Capri."

We were welcomed by a delegation of maids with flowers in their hair. That was all they were wearing apart from the "minimum"—a hank-sized triangle held in place by three strings, and the briefest of bras.

The islanders told us that this was the local costume officially recognized by the authorities. They took us to the hill-top village of Heliopolis which offers a sweeping view over the sea, the archipelago of Hyères and the coastline far beyond Toulon.

To my taste the place outmatches Capri, but the Adams and Eves in this paradise seem to pay little attention to its scenic wonders. They call themselves "gymnosophs" and come here mainly "to recondition their bodies."

Wherever I went

Continued on page 34

Postcard view is unchanged, but the Riviera people are different. Dollars not duchesses rule the Riviera.



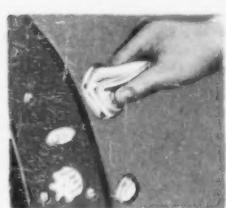


Class, certainly . . . and thrilling performance too!

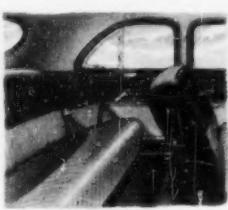
With improved styling and "Customized" interiors, the 1950 Mercury is "better than ever" in every way. With Mercury's 8-cylinder, V-type, 110 Hp., "Hi-Power Compression" engine, it's better in performance. Better in economy with its "Econ-O-Miser" carburetor and gas-saving "Touch-O-Matic" Overdrive (optional at extra cost). Better in handling ease with "Stedi-Line" steering. Safer, too, with easy-action "Super-Safety" brakes.



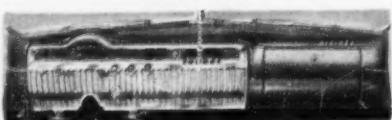
Chrome wheel trim rings and white sidewall tires optional at extra cost.



Push-button door handles and rotary locks mean easy opening, positive closing.



Beautiful "Customized" interiors. New "Lounge-Rest" foam-rubber seat cushioning, "Quiet-tone" sound-proofing.



New "Safe-T-Vue" instrument panel. Improved "Merco-Therm" ventilating and heating system gives complete air change in seconds.

NOW AVAILABLE . . . smart new Mercury Station W agons and Convertibles.

See this "better than ever" Mercury. Feel its new comfort. Get behind the wheel and drive it . . . you too will say, "It's Mercury for me!"

the 1950 Mercury!



MERCURY-LINCOLN-METEOR DIVISION
FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



HIGH FASHION? HUH!

Matilda Etches, the Montreal dreamer who now dresses some of the world's most beautiful women, says, "I hate the word fashion!" Yet her inspired scissors have snipped her way to fortune

By JAMES DUGAN

JUST before Christmas Matilda Etches came back to Canada after 36 years. It was a long time and a lot of things had happened to the kid who used to clerk in her father's news agency on Bleury Street, Montreal.

For one thing, she's now 51 and a proud grandmother. For another, she's one of Britain's top makers of beautiful clothes. The little girl who liked to play with scissors has won international recognition as an artist in cloth.

The fashion furore whipped up by the flying wardrobe Matilda put together in three weeks for Ninette de Valois, fiery director of the Sadlers Wells Ballet, prompted the dressmaker's North American visit. The de Valois wardrobe wowed New York fashion editors in much the same way that the ballet itself wowed audiences on its recent tour. U. S. and Canadian manufacturers immediately made overtures to the unknown Etches for mass production licences.

In Toronto Etches (like orchestra conductors, dress designers use only the surname) "scouted" Canadian current fashions. She wouldn't give an opinion on what she saw, but she did decide that she'd do better making her dresses in London and shipping them here with "imported" tags attached.

Etches is a small, dark, pretty woman with a schoolgirl's figure, hazel eyes, and Renoir bangs shading her pale face. She was born in Rotherham, Yorkshire, and was brought as an infant to Montreal by her father, Major Charles T. W. Etches.

His magazine and newspaper shop was Matilda's schoolroom after she left Berthelet Street Public School at 11. There, a skinny little girl who hated school and never went to parties, she delved into the world's glamour magazines. She started drawing and artists who frequented the shop told her father they were good and urged she should get a chance in art school.

She used to dream of living in Chelsea, long fabled as London's artistic quarter. Mrs. Etches died when Matilda was 14, and Major Charles bundled his family back to Britain. But Matilda never got to Chelsea.

Instead the little dreamer from Bleury Street, whose favorite game was cutting up a pillowcase, grew up to found her own dressmaking establishment in unfashionable Soho—to be precise, at 50 Frith Street, a brownstone block near Victoria Station bearing the ringing nameplate, "Buckingham Palace Gardens."

"Don't call me a fashion designer," Etches now demands. "I hate the word 'fashion.' I loathe the word 'smart.' I make beautiful clothes with undated simplicity, comfortable and well cut. I don't give a farthing for what is considered 'high style' this year or next year. Look at this quilted brown cocktail suit I am going to show in New York. The quilting is a pattern of little Canadian pine trees. I don't mind telling you this suit is two years old. But I am going to wear it in New York because I think

Continued on page 37

At 51 Etches is the proud grandmother who dresses Leigh, Lillie, Fonteyn and Goddard.



A GIFT FOR

Prince Benny

This would give his life meaning — the perfect gift from father to son. But what of his daughter and the hunger deep in her heart? What heritage could there be for her?

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BUCKHAM

By IRVIN BLOCK

DEEPLY from sleep Molly heard or sensed or saw or felt her father come into the room. She hugged her pillow and battled for sleep but consciousness rolled over her anyway, an inevitable tide; the black night oozed away and she lay hard and dry and awake at last listening to the grinding floorboards as Pa walked around the room. I won't get up today, she told herself now as she told herself every morning, I won't get up and if they make me get up I will not go to the store, I will not sell candy, I will not jerk sodas, I will not slice bacon, lettuce and tomato on toast. Revolt! Today I will go to the library and there get drunk, absolutely pie-eyed, on words!

Mr. Miller tiptoed into the room in an agony of care and stood at the side of his daughter's bed. Seeing the book fallen splayed upon the floor, he stooped to pick it up, groaning slightly, and read its title, "Jean Christophe." He shook his head and went resolutely to the bedside to put his hand on Molly's shoulder. The little grey eyes crinkled tenderness behind their spectacles.

But his voice was gruff. "Molly, get up! It's seven o'clock!"

"So it's seven o'clock," said Molly with her eyes still shut, "that's fine. Now let's everybody go back to sleep till eight!"

"Come on," said Pa, "no monkey business."

"Go on back to sleep, Pa. Do you good. What'll we lose—fifty cents from Mr. Spiegel's breakfast?"

"We need the fifty cents. Come on now, get up!"

Molly dug her face into the pillow. "Fifty cents won't buy Benny half a necktie."

Mr. Miller sat on Molly's bed and studied the cover of the book still in his hand. "Open your eyes at least, Molly—I gotta talk to you."

"All right, Pa, what's on your mind?"

Pa thrust his head toward the next room. "Benny!"

"So?"

"The kid was out till three last night."

Molly propped herself up on her elbows and, popping out her cheeks, blew abruptly and shook the last remnants of sleep. "So what?" she said. "Look, why don't you stop calling him The Kid like he was a boxer or something? He's eighteen years old and he read the book and he knows the answers and the questions and he's not glass and he won't break. It's between semesters and he's got a right to have some fun. Now let the kid alone!"

"But Molly—three o'clock in the morning!"

"Is it written in the Bible you got to get to bed before three?"

"It's no time for a young university student to be coming home," said Mr. Miller stubbornly. "I'll bet he was with that girl, that Belle."

"That's bad?"

Mr. Miller turned and glared at Molly. He stuck his chin out belligerently. "Yes," he said, "that's bad!"

"Look, Pa darling, I'm going to give you a book to read—about bees and flowers."

Pa stood and tossed the book on the night table. He looked at his feet. "I don't need no bees and flowers," he said. "Benny's going to university in two weeks. Nothing's gonna interfere, understand? Nothing? No monkey business! You understand—Benny's going to university!"

"All right, Pa, all right," Molly said softly. "Take it easy. The Kid, the Little Lavender Prince, is going to university. Cinderella will work in the store and the Prince will go to college."

"I want you to talk to him."

"I'll talk to him. Now get out so I can dress. Mr. Spiegel will miss his breakfast if you stand here gabbing."

"Benny's going to university," said Mr. Miller to himself and he turned and shambled toward the door.

Mr. Miller stopped at the door and turned. The light from the

Continued on page 31



"What am I around here anyway — a king?"



KEN BELL

Homes of Today—Slums of Tomorrow

By Dr. E. G. FALUDI

Town Planning Consultant

As told to Robert Thomas Allen

WHILE flying over one of Toronto's sprawling suburban settlements of boxlike houses recently I was reminded of a remark once made to me by Eric Arthur, Professor of Architecture at University of Toronto:

"What's the use of designing communities with up-to-date facilities when the houses we put in them are like strawberry boxes, unrelated to decent living?"

I think of those words every time I look at these new houses that are springing up around our cities like brick toadstools. Some of them are built with no more interest in, or knowledge of, house design and community planning than a row of baseball bleachers.

A living room here—plunk! A kitchen there—plunk! A dinette here—plop! A cement block for a porch, a wrought-iron railing, a fence around the whole affair—and another brick cell is ready for the happy home owner.

Acre by acre we are transforming beautiful ravines, fields, parklands, and wooded estates into dismal rows of unsightly identical brick strawberry boxes that will be with us for a generation at least. These will be the future slums, growing more and

more forlorn as dust from the treeless streets settles on them and the occupants abandon all hope of making attractive anything so basically drab.

I overheard a girl who works in a bank say, "When I get married I want to be either very rich or very poor. The poor at least have some individuality; the rich—well, who wouldn't want to be rich? It's being in between that has me worried. I'd have to live in one of those dull little wood or brick bungalows with thousands of other people living in identical little bungalows. To me, that would be the end of everything."

That girl expressed the feelings of anyone with taste or sensibility. Many of today's dreary new low-priced bungalow settlements represent the end of everything—the end of individuality, beauty, and privacy.

How are these strawberry box settlements created?

The first step is to obtain a tract of land, make a draft plan showing its division into lots, and proceed immediately to "improve" it by cutting down all the trees!

Recently I visited the office of a "successful" promoter who told me of the wonderful things being

accomplished in a housing project his firm was developing. He showed me a photograph of a charming country lane, lined with poplars, winding between two old apple orchards.

"See that?" he beamed. "That's how this district looked before we came in." Hardly able to restrain his pride he showed me a companion photograph. "Here's what we've done—in just 10 months!"

It was a picture of two long straight rows of cubelike houses almost to the horizon. There wasn't a tree in sight. There wasn't an interesting feature in the whole project of about 200 houses. There wasn't a turn to make you wonder what was around the corner. You saw the whole thing at a glance, and wished you hadn't.

At first I thought he was joking. I soon found that he wasn't. By his standards it was something to be proud of. His sales talk gave me only one desire: to get away from him and his housing project as fast as I could. But before I could get away he told me that the same treatment was planned for three other subdivisions.

Why cut down all the trees? Nothing can compare with them for breaking up the monotony of a row of dwellings, providing a sense of privacy



Architect and planner Dr. Faludi complains that many new streets show as much design as a row of baseball bleachers. It doesn't have to happen.

and giving the environment a natural grace and charm. Why not plan homes *around* the trees, incorporate them into the development. They are free, prefabricated, prebuilt and guaranteed to last a lifetime.

Now, having denuded the countryside, the strawberry-box builder's next step is to lay out streets in straight lines. He thinks a subdivision is something to be pinned down on a drafting board, something with no landscape, hills, creeks, or contours. He slashes streets across natural drainage lines with the result that in the spring we frequently find raging torrents cutting across our lawns and sidewalks.

The subdivision is laid out as if it were an Eskimo village, not connected to the rest of the world. The streets, instead of being planned in such a way that they lead to the main arteries of adjacent localities yet discourage through traffic, either run from nowhere to nowhere, discouraging not only traffic but the human eye, or they provide short cuts for delivery trucks.

No provision is made for green parkettes and playlots, no space is left for two or three conveniently located stores, no thought is given to orientating the houses in the best direction.

He carves the countryside into lots the way you slice meat. The lots all run in the same direction, and the houses all face dead ahead, like rows of grim unblinking soldiers. The idea is to get out as

many lots as local bylaws or loan companies permit.

The lots are often much too small. No lot should be narrower than 40 feet. Allowing 22 feet for the width of the house and 10 feet for a garage this leaves four feet on either side of the lot line. This, added to the four feet beside the neighboring house, gives eight feet between buildings which, in one-story houses, is the minimum necessary to let sunlight into the windows.

Instead of this we often find houses with as little as three feet between them and sometimes less. If the occupant looks out of his dining room window, with a perfectly natural desire to see the sky or a tree or some sign of nature, he finds himself looking into his neighbor's window; or worse, looking at his neighbor who is also looking out of his window wishing he could see a tree or a blade of grass.

Now that the land has been "cleverly" divided into lots nothing remains but for the builder to plunk a house on each lot. And what houses!

I call this new "architectural style" "streamlined modern." The builder of the "streamlined modern" house is realistic—he knows that his house should be functionally simple. And what could be simpler than a brick or wooden box? With this logic he proceeds to make them look like brick or wooden boxes.

Instead of designing houses around our everyday needs and placing them on sites which utilize natural features he often builds a brick shoe box

with the narrow end to the street and stuffs it with rooms the way we pack a trunk. Yet if the long side sometimes ran parallel to the street it would permit an entirely new range of possibilities for design.

The front is often so narrow that absolutely nothing can be done about it except to put a door and a window in it, finish it off with one of those inverted cement biscuit boxes we use for porches, and try to forget the whole thing.

Large "picture" windows are placed where nothing can be seen but endless rows of houses. Yet a beautiful ravine at the rear of the lot can be seen only by peering out from modern "portholes."

Sometimes the bungalows are built of brick, the color of a county prison. More often they're covered with identical grey asbestos shingles or wooden clapboard, painted grey, as if to match the grey skies of our long Canadian winters. Instead of providing relief from the monotony we add to it.

Every day new practical and economical building materials are being invented and put on the market by reliable firms with the endorsement of scientists, architects and structural designers; yet because they require new techniques many promoters ignore them completely. A few of these: aluminum sheet panels, and aluminum-covered clapboard, both of which require more skilled carpentry; prefabricated concrete slabs, which require a small portable crane and crew for installation; *Continued on page 25*

Thousands of young home owners are being condemned to life in a strawberry box because many housing promoters still believe that a soldierly row of identical bungalows makes a suburb



YOU HAVE NEEDS... Britain is making the goods to meet them

Designing for your needs now has first call on Britain's resources and skill. She has studied your requirements, and has welcomed your buyers in greater numbers every year.

Exhibiting at the British Industries Fair
3,000 manufacturers will reveal their latest products, and from every country overseas 16,000 buyers will assemble to make immediate selections for their own markets.

Making new goods for the world has raised Britain's production to a record level. In turn these exports enable her to buy—and Britain is the world's greatest customer.

Trade Buyers! Ensure your accommodation now because tourists also reserve Britain's hotels in May.

- ★ *B.I.F., the largest national trade fair, will be extended in 1950. Exhibits alone will occupy 100,000 square metres.*
- ★ *For the convenience of buyers public admission is restricted throughout the Fair.*
- ★ *Twenty-six groups of allied trades will represent ninety industries.*
- ★ *Engineering & Hardware in Birmingham. Lighter Industries in London.*

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR

LONDON MAY 8-19 BIRMINGHAM

INFORMATION about exhibitors, advance catalogues, special displays and facilities at the Fair can be obtained from the United Kingdom Trade Commissioner at Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver or Winnipeg; or from the Imperial Trade Correspondent at St. John's or Halifax

The Laws of Life Won't Change

Continued from page 14

on it as on some of his subsequent epics.

Twenty-five years later, during World War II, J. B. Priestley wrote a play called "They Came to a City." Some people got lost in a desert and then came to the gates of a city wherein they found a magic new civilization where everything was kindness, goodness and scientific brotherhood. The children danced in the parks and everyone was happy.

We need not labor the point but the only children I ever saw who danced in a park were some little French boys and girls who did it very solemnly and showed no signs of enjoying it at all. However, we shall let that pass. If in an ideal civilization the kids must dance then they'll darn well have to do it whether they like it or not.

However, before we pass judgment on these studies of the shape of things to come I would recall an old saying: "To understand the future you must understand the past. Today is the bridge between the two."

Therefore I suggest that we turn the pages back until the year 1801 when the 19th century was only a year old. In that year there was born to the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury a baby boy who was called Anthony Ashley Cooper. The father was the sixth earl, they had landed estates, and although Napoleon had yet to be cornered and defeated Britain was moving toward the Industrial Revolution and vast wealth.

Living in a Golden Cave

For the sons of the aristocracy there was the splendid game of politics with both teams consisting of gentlemen (even the cads had been to the best schools) and a life of luxury, privilege and travel. Of course, until Waterloo had been fought and won, the sons of the aristocracy also had to go and dice with death in battle, but that responsibility they never shirked.

When he was old enough Anthony Ashley Cooper entered Parliament, and not long afterward the Industrial Revolution was in full swing. British inventive genius had gained a huge start on the rest of the world. The mills, the mines and the factories called for more and more workers. The wretchedly paid agricultural workers stormed to the cities where rows of wretched hovels were thrown up to accommodate them—thus beginning the slums which were to deface the very character and reputation of the towns. Profits piled on profits, wealth accumulated as if by a magician's wand. British shipping, British banking, British insurance and the British Navy went everywhere in the world.

There was no enemy on the horizon, save possibly Russia, and the god of money could disregard the god of war. The arts sprang into life. Church-going was never more solemnly observed. Respectability was the one law above all others that could not be broken.

The rich and the moderately wealthy classes lived isolated lives, honorable in their dealings with each other, generous in their charities and sincerely God-fearing. They dwelt in a golden cave, and the cries of little children in the industrial area were no louder to the cave dwellers than the murmuring of the sea.

But Ashley Cooper heard it and he went to Lancashire to the cotton mills. What he saw so seared his soul that

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plywood, requiring careful carpentry and a special technique of assembly and joining.

It takes very little variety in materials, if used with skill and knowledge, to banish monotony from a community. In one attractive little subdivision on the outskirts of Toronto only two materials have been used for well over 100 houses—brick and reinforced cast-stone panel, with a bit of clapboard here and there on the gables. Yet I've heard visitors to that district argue that they saw at least 15 designs.

Do You Need A Moat?

In many of the grey settlements the interior of the house follows the same unimaginative, inflexible pattern as the exterior. The living room is placed at the front of the house. Often it is the northern, cold side, in which case the bedrooms and kitchen, which should be cool, are at the warm sunny side.

The rooms are small and inadequately laid out so that much of the space is used only as a passageway from one room to another. The occupants swivel-hip around open drawers, cupboard doors, radios and other furniture. When they entertain, everyone sits around with knees touching. Having dinner in a dinette means getting in and out from the table in a certain order or climbing over one another's heads.

And to top it all off, with everything and everyone in the house fighting for space, we add a fireplace, with a bulked chimney and mantelpiece, which most office-going owners of today's moderately priced homes use about as much as they'd use a moat.

Most of us are aware of these shortcomings and would be only too glad to do something about them, yet when we begin looking for a home to buy we end up in the same box, figuratively and literally, as everyone else. And we can't understand exactly why.

Usually it's because we have no experience ourselves in discriminating between good and bad planning and construction and we don't safeguard ourselves by finding a reputable builder. If we want a suit we go to a tailor, if we want legal advice we go to a lawyer, if we want medical attention we go to a doctor. But if we want a house we often go to an ex-grocer who has found that there is more money in slicing up property than in slicing ham; or to an ex-stockbroker who went broke except for enough money to get into speculative building; or an ex-cement worker; or a bricklayer; or anyone who has saved enough money to parlay one or two houses into a business.

Very often these men, without knowledge of home design, construction methods, or community planning, who look at a house simply as a structure with four walls and a roof, are today's "city builders." They are the designers of the houses in which we are going to spend our lives and in which our children are going to grow up.

Considering that about 80% of the 60,000 families looking for homes this year will be earning between \$2,500 and \$5,000 a year it's important that they get the kind of homes that will satisfy them. Your house—which should cost no more than twice the purchaser's yearly income—will be the biggest item on your budget for the next 20-25 years. To be stuck with one of the amazingly ugly and functionally foolish houses now being marketed can be frustrating and uneconomical. Some buyers of low-priced homes today are being sentenced to life in a strawberry box which will never represent the value of money paid for it.

Yet, with a proper knowledge of house design and community planning,

CANADIAN ECDOOTE



Two Dreamers, Two Schemers

SIR John Johnson, friend of the Iroquois and Colonel, 84th King's Royal Regiment of New York during the American Revolution, went to the Bay of Quinte area early in 1784 to negotiate with the Mississagi Indians for a tract of land for the Mohawk Indians who were then coming to Upper Canada from New York State. He was the guest of the local chief on Amherst Island.

Sir John, a man of fine physique and arrayed in his resplendent military uniform, was greatly admired by the chief and the whole encampment.

One morning the Mississagi chief came smiling toward his guest. "O, white chief," he exclaimed, "in my dream last night you gave me your beautiful coat."

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotest, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

With his natural gallantry, and true to the tribal ethics of dreams, Sir John removed his blue coat trimmed with gold and lace and placed it upon his host, saying, "With pleasure, O worthy chief, I follow the word of the Great Spirit, and present this officer's coat to you."

The next morning Sir John, with a smiling face, approached his host. "O, red chief," he announced, "last night I had a dream and, in your good will toward me, you presented me with this whole beautiful island."

The saddened redman, still wearing his splendid gift, gathered his belongings together and prepared to depart. "The island is yours," he murmured in tears, "but O, white chief, let us dream no more." —Roy F. Fleming.

we can obtain for the same money that we spend on ugly little strawberry boxes homes that, without occupying any more ground, provide more usable floor space because useless doors and corridors have been eliminated, windows and passageways arranged to permit a proper arrangement of furniture. These houses will be brighter, have a pleasing appearance—they will be gracious, livable homes instead of mere shelters which look as if they were pressed out by a machine.

By proper planning, and reducing the length of costly roadways, larger lots can be provided at no extra cost to the buyer and no reduction of profit to the builder.

What the Little Man Should Do

Our strawberry-box settlements will continue to be built as long as the home-building industry is a sort of financial frontier where anyone can stake a claim. Side by side with the conscientious, dependable builders who are providing well-built, well-planned attractive, low-cost homes, unscrupulous operators are disfiguring our suburbs and countryside at an alarming rate and are finding it profitable.

Yet this practice of building unsightly settlements of poorly constructed houses on relatively expensive

and narrow lots, with inconveniently located parks, shops and schools, or none at all, is something that any municipality can stop by preparing long-range master plans marking suitable land for residential use in the most desirable locations and providing protective zoning regulations.

As things stand now the little man unable to build a home of his own is exposed to a market in which he has no experience and whose operations he cannot understand.

The prospective home buyer can, however, get advice from the public and private housing authorities, loan companies and reputable home-building companies on how to choose a house and how much to pay for it. He should find out from the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, or from the insurance company under which the loan to the builder was financed, whether the contractor has complied with N.H.A. regulations. Although all builders have to conform to local bylaws, these laws, even when they are enforced, are concerned only with basic structural elements. A lot of atrocious planning, sloppy workmanship and generally dismal living can take place within their broad requirements.

The buyer should find out who planned the house—was it an architect,

an ex-stockbroker, or an ex-grocer?

Another worth-while step that any home buyer should take is to call on a home-planning expert who, for a comparatively small fee, will help him get the best value for his money in construction, design, appearance and location.

There are many ways of building attractive and functional homes and laying out new communities which will provide people of limited means with proper living conditions and sound value.

Mr. H., a builder in Etobicoke Township, west of Toronto, recently started a housing development with a plan consisting of two north-south and three east-west streets leading nowhere. He then divided the street-bound rectangles into 173 lots. At that time Mr. H. considered all principles of neighborhood and community planning academic and impractical.

But the local planning consultant showed Mr. H. that he could obtain the same number of lots, with fewer streets, and fewer services to be built and maintained, on a more attractive plan, with a park in the centre! Mr. H. began to revise his opinion about community planning. He was finally completely won over when he found that he could save \$7,000.

Mr. H. chose two basic designs prepared by the prize-winning architects of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation's Canadian Small House Competition for houses that would provide the maximum space and the most desirable appearance in the \$6,500-\$7,000 price range.

Then came the laying out of the houses on the plan and once more he came to the local planning consultant for advice. This expert prepared a design in which groups of three or four houses were staggered and orientated in the most desirable directions, instead of in monotonous straight lines.

The materials used for each house were varied, making use of brick, concrete slab and clapboard; different window and door designs were incorporated; and an imaginative choice of colors allowed for the roofing and painting. None of these were costly or elaborate innovations yet they created a sense of variety and gaiety in the whole project.

He Got Profits and Pride

By complying with the building standards of the corporation Mr. H. obtained the best financing conditions from the largest loan companies, making it possible to establish a sales price of \$6,800-\$7,500 for bungalows and one-and-a-half-story homes, with lots included.

The results were astonishing. All of the 49 houses built since July were sold and occupied by Christmas. Mr. H.'s waiting list of more than 200 prospective purchasers is gratifying indication that the rest of the houses in the development will be sold before they are built.

Houses in the same neighborhood which were built without consideration of good design and layout have been vacant for many months and have only a few prospective purchasers who expect a bargain price.

Mr. H. admits that he made better profits from this new housing project than from any of the other nine developments which he has built, and, on top of that, the whole project gave him a lot more personal satisfaction.

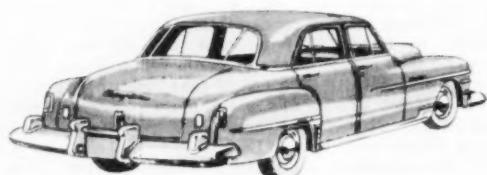
Good house design and site planning can be not only good slum prevention, but good business. And a lot more satisfying than condemning future home owners to life in a strawberry box. ★



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Chrysler Windsor FOUR-DOOR SEDAN
white sidewall tires extra equipment

- finest in the fine car field!..



... designed for luxurious motoring. Every trim line . . . every elegant feature invites you to take the wheel. And, when you do — you'll discover a world of new motoring pleasure — the thrilling ease of Chrysler *Presto-Matic driving! You'll appreciate the new and deeper significance in that complimentary remark —

"I see you drive a Chrysler!"

*Lets you drive without shifting gears!

Continued from page 25
he came back to fight a battle that brought him poverty, scorn, political defeat . . . and in the end the most revered name in the whole history of British politics.

It took him years to carry through a bill limiting child labor in the mines to 10 hours a day. Where was the human conscience? Why did it not beat? When his father died he became the Earl of Shaftesbury and continued his fight. He forced a commission of enquiry into the lunatic asylums where inmates were chained up for the whole week end while the guards went off duty.

He put an end to the use of tiny boys being shoved by sweeps into chimneys to clean them, but only after a series of deaths.

This tall handsome earl, son of the sixth earl, fought for human decency and human pity against men whose earnings had turned their hearts to stone. The spirit of Christ lived in this aristocrat but could find no place in the hearts of many men who had risen too swiftly from humble surroundings.

Into a Healthy Grave?

When Shaftesbury was buried the Abbey was crowded with weeping people. A laborer, wearing a mourning band on his arm, and dressed in rags, sobbed: "Our earl's gone! God A'mighty knows he loved us, and we loved him. We shan't see his like again."

Shaftesbury's biographer wrote: "For no other man in England, or in the world, could such an assembly have been drawn together."

His eight pallbearers were men of ordinary position who had devoted their lives to working with him for these reforms.

So in the words of Hamlet we say: "Look on this—and that." I have described the civilization which Wells

civilization were to be permanent and beyond change by human endeavor then I would have to say, "Give me the sanitary scientific living death of Wells and Priestley." But no era is beyond reform as Shaftesbury proved.

Despite the horrors of the last war and the crushing of the body and spirit today in parts of the world, I believe that the human conscience is awake. Everywhere today there is a growing understanding of the rights of the other man, even if this broadmindedness does not always reach the level of governments. The brotherhood of man, not in a namby-pamby sanctimonious sense but with all the virility that such a term suggests, is not as far off as the pessimists would have us believe.

Europe is showing the world how cities can rise like the phoenix from the ashes. No city suffered as much as Warsaw where more people were killed than in the combined armies of Britain and the U.S. But today new buildings are bringing life and beauty to the tortured city, just as some day the Poles will rebuild their freedom. Even in Germany, which I saw in such ruins that I wondered how life could exist among them there, are now new buildings and towns.

Therefore we must come to the conclusion that no man, whether he feels the impulse of prophecy or not, can blueprint the civilization of the future. The governing laws of life are struggle and change. That is why life is never static and why the mind rejects a set civilization such as Wells portrayed. The infinite ingenuity and sharp impatience of the human mind will never let things stay as they are for more than a few decades at a time.

Have we then no idea at all of what lies ahead? Must mankind stumble ahead like a blind man who does not know what road he is on or whither his destination?

Coming across the Atlantic last year I went on the bridge of the ship and looked at the radar equipment. On the screen there were three dots which were ships about 20 miles ahead. On the right there was a hilly coastline with the detail clearly etched. Therefore the captain, although the day was cloudy and visibility poor, could go ahead at full speed without any worry on his mind, but he could not have described the ships ahead nor could anyone say from the screen what lay behind the coastline.

Shall We Hit the Moon?

Mankind is in much the same position about the future. We can see that science will be making great strides in the twin arts of taking and prolonging life. Now that the man-guided rocket has appeared there is little doubt that we shall make contact with the moon. Nor is there any reason to doubt that mechanization will reduce and perhaps eliminate drudgery from our lives. But these do not make a civilization.

We do not need radar or the crystal to tell us that in the years ahead there will still be struggle and change. Those are the immutable laws from which none of us can escape. All that we can do is to try and make the struggle worth while and to ensure that the change is for the better; but even so there will always be differences of opinion as to what is worth while and what is for the better. Man is a cantankerous animal, and when all men agree then they will know that they have entered the ice age.

The shape of things to come? There is no fixed shape but there are certainly things to come—love, laughter, dreams, tears and striving—and maybe a wrist watch that is also a radio receiving set. *

GIVE TO THE RED CROSS

and Priestley visualized, days of endless sunshine, health clinics and libraries, the machine as servant to the man and not his master, of wide education and scientific knowledge, of children and adults receiving their benevolent instructions by the radio watch on their wrists.

To most of us that system of life would be nothing more than a healthy grave. How can man live to the full without struggle? How can we know joy if we never feel sorrow? How can we long for education if there is no ignorance? How can we create beauty if there is no ugliness? How can we enjoy the sun if there are no clouded skies?

If this were a court of law the opposing counsel would at this point demand to know whether I would prefer a civilization such as that in which Shaftesbury lived. If such a



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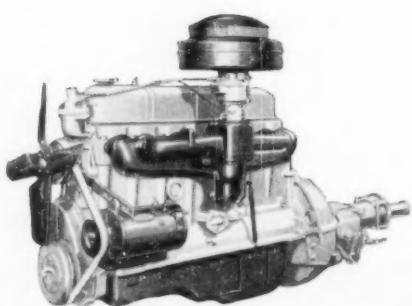


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A Gift for Prince Benny

Continued from page 20

window made white blinds of his glasses. Gently, he said, "Ah, you're tired, too. All night over a book! Tsk—tsk!"

"Get out!"

MR. MILLER closed the door. Molly groaned, flopped back against the pillow and shut her eyes tightly. Five minutes more, just of half sleep, not quite sleep, but almost as good as sleep, just teetering on the brink of sleep, flirting with it, playing with it, just five minutes—

She heard Pa open the door to Benny's room.

"Benny!"

No answer.

"Benny—you up?"

No answer.

"Benny!"

A groan.

"Are you up, Benny?"

And Benny's voice, bass and thick, "Yeah, now I'm up."

"Come on, get out of bed!"

"Pa—what for? Just one good reason, what for?"

"Study!"

"Cripes! School's over; there's just a noon assembly today! There're no assignments, nothing!"

"Study anyway!"

"There's nothing to study, I tell ya!"

"University begins next week!"

"Now look, Pa—relax, will ya? When I go to class, they tell me what to read—and then I study. That's the way it works, it never was any different. It's a law, Pa—it's an inexorable law of nature and students."

The rumble of voices drifted off, there was a stroboscopic slice of grey infinity and then Molly yanked herself out of a drowse. She jumped out of bed, stuck her tongue out at the clock and dug into her closet with fury. The vigor lasted until she was in her slip and then it slumped away, leaving her sighing in the middle of the room with her arms stiff at her sides. She padded to her dresser and sat down limply. "So? What's the matter with you this morning?" she asked the mirror. Her image shrugged in the manner of lifting shoulders ear-high and leaving them there.

Molly's hair was thick and strong and black. Her face was round and ruddy, as was her body, and it was brightly enlivened by a generous and active mouth and a pair of snapping brown eyes, even now glistening and fresh. The ear that grazed her shoulder was small and the shoulder that nuzzled back was smooth, warm and firm. So it was that a grin dawned through, the image in the mirror winked back at her and said, "Strong as a ox, you old workhorse you!"

Benny poked a sleep-mashed face into the room. "Can I come in?" Without waiting for an answer he entered and shuffled to the bed, where he sat huddled in his bathrobe as though very cold.

"Fine," said Molly, "you made your impression. You look very sleepy and very tired and very degenerate. It's a rough life being a playboy. Now go back to bed."

"Cut the comedy, will ya?" Benny said. "I want to talk to you."

"So talk."

Benny shivered and wrapped his bathrobe closer. "I got to talk to you alone."

"Excellent," Molly said. "Come to my office in the candy store. I'll see that my secretary makes an appointment for you."

Benny raised his head and looked at her. His eyebrows pushed up, corrugat-

ing his forehead into symmetrical furrows. The bright brown eyes so much like Molly's appealed. He made a gesture with both hands as though presenting his soul on a cushion. "Look," he said, "it's important. Please! Now, huh? You're toying with my life."

Mr. Miller came into the room fully dressed now, brushing toast crumbs from his lap. "What's the matter you ain't even dressed yet?" he glowered.

"Pa," said Molly, "I got a bunch of things to do around the house I just remembered. Now be a good boy and run along to the store. I'll be there inside of an hour. Maybe Steve will pick me up."

"But—"

"Pa," said Molly.

Mr. Miller swallowed, looked back and forth from Molly to Benny several times, glared at his feet and then turned and went out of the room. "Don't start a fresh bottle of cream," Molly called after him, "use yesterday's—there's a quarter of a bottle left next to the chocolate syrup in the cooler."

THEY heard the old man shut the door and trudge down the stairs. "Breakfast," said Molly, going for her bathrobe. They went into the kitchen. Pa had already prepared the coffee and toast. Molly made an unnecessary clatter with the dishes, poured herself and Benny coffee, flourished a butter knife over a piece of toast, broke off half and tossed it to Benny, who regarded it with disinterest. She lit a cigarette. "Okay," she said, "talk!"

Benny said, "I don't want to go to university."

Molly choked on the cigarette smoke, gasped for air and finally crushed the cigarette into the ashtray. She stared at her brother.

Not entirely displeased with the reaction, Benny repeated, "I don't want to go to university."

"Go back to sleep," Molly said, "you'll feel better later on. You're still dreaming."

"Doggone it, I'm wide awake! Don't you want to hear my reasons?"

"No. Go back to sleep."

Benny arose, dug his fists deep into his bathrobe pockets and stalked the kitchen floor. "I insist," he declared, "on being taken seriously around here. I am discussing something that will absolutely uproot and change our whole lives. I refuse to be a pawn. I insist on playing a decisive role in the affairs of this family!"

Molly stared at him.

Benny stopped in front of her. He cleared his throat with dignity, but began uncertainly, cleared his throat and began again. "I think I know how it is with you and Steve," he said.

Molly leaned forward and looked hard at him. "Go ahead," she said, "but be careful."

Benny renewed his tour of the kitchen and Molly watched him closely, turning her head from side to side as he paced from one end of the floor to the other. "Look here," said Benny, "Steve's been after you for four years, ever since you got out of high school. And you haven't got married. Why?"

"I want to hear your guess," Molly said.

"It's because of me," Benny went on. "You and Pa work day and night in the candy store so I can go on with school. There are five or six more years of the same thing so I can go to university. That's why you haven't got married to Steve. You haven't even had any fun. Don't think I don't appreciate that."

"Stop breaking my heart."

"Doggone it!" Benny shouted, suddenly. "How do you think it feels to be The Kid around here? What am I

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around here, anyway—a king? People cutting out my life for me—pressure all the time! How long can a guy go around being the prize pony for his old man?" Benny stopped abruptly, his arms in midair.

"Well you're just going to go on being prize pony, Prince Benny—you register for university next week. Now let's call the curtain down on this act and go to work." Molly began clearing away the dishes.

Benny followed her to the sink. "Cripes, Molly—four years of college, then four years of med school—do you know what that means? Eight years more still a baby, living on somebody else's work and time and dough. I'm stealing life from other people. It's eating away at me, Molly!"

Molly said, "We don't mind." Her heart thumped. Her mind leaped at an idea. *Free*, said a voice inside the pit of her stomach—*free!* "We don't mind, I tell you," she said again.

Bennie poured the tea. "But I mind! Listen, I want my own life, understand?" And more softly, he added, "Molly, I'm growing up—things are happening to me."

MOLLY looked critically at her younger brother, to whom things were happening, and she saw that a pimple bloomed with determined malice on his chin, that his wrists and ankles stuck far out of his pyjamas, that he had long outgrown the bathrobe, that there were sportive and searching young wires on his cheeks and that in his eyes a number of things fought to take over—dignity and outrage, wonder and terror, uncertainty—and tears.

"Yes," she said, "you're growing up."

"There comes a time in every man's life when he wants to be on his own," said Benny. He pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

Free, said the little voice inside Molly and she became angry at it. She turned away from Benny. "You want to break Pa's heart?" she asked.

"It's my life? It's got to start being my life sometime!"

The anger came then. "Your life! You little squeak, you haven't had it long enough to know what a life is and how much time and lost chances are in it. Pa's planned his whole life for this, too."

Benny bit his lip. He put both hands on the table and leaned across it. Huskily, he said, "Molly, I want to get married."

Molly sank into a chair.

"I want to get married. Soon!" repeated Benny. His face was red. His forehead ruffled into corrugations and he gnawed his lip. "Like you and Steve."

Molly closed her eyes. "Belle?"

"Belle."

Molly pinched the bridge of her nose, pressed against closed eyes. "Benny, how old are you?"

"Eighteen and a half," he said defiantly.

"Eighteen," she breathed. "Oh, my aching back—eighteen!"

"Listen," Benny said, "you'd have married Steve when you were eighteen if it hadn't been for me."

"Leave me and Steve out of it," she warned, opening her eyes.

"All right. But it's been done. Mike and Sally, they did it. Lots of people have. I'm big for my age. I'm more mature, see?"

"So is Belle," said Molly and shut her eyes again.

"Yes," Benny agreed, "she is—more mature, I mean."

"And big for her age," said Molly.

"Well—yes," said Benny.

"Belle," said Molly with her eyes

still closed, "has been looking for something, anything, in a decent necktie and pants since she was five."

"Listen here—" Benny sputtered.

"I know," said Molly, "I'm talking about the woman you love."

"We can't wait," said Benny. "Another eight years."

Molly said, "Benny, go ahead and do it."

Benny gulped and his eyebrows leaped. "You said—"

"I said to go ahead and do it, Benny," said Molly. "You're on your own. Proclaim independence, Benny. Marry the girl, start looking for a job, start picking furniture, stop looking at other girls. Try the want ads, Benny—you'd make a fine office boy. Two can starve decently on your salary and maybe in ten years you'll make enough to starve a baby, too."

A shadow wavered in Benny's eyes. Uncertainly, he began, "You see, it's just that I want to be—"

"Of course," Molly cut in. "You want to be independent. Your own kingdom. It's a fine idea. I'm all for it. Go right ahead."

"You mean—" Benny gestured helplessly with his hand.

"Do I have to draw a picture?" asked Molly. "I mean I'm for it."

Benny sank his chin into his hand and traced the design on the linoleum with his toe. He looked up twice to dart swift searching glances at Molly, but she appeared to be asleep. Then he got up finally, stretched, cleared his throat, shot another look of appeal at his sister, turned and went thoughtfully and slowly into his room.

MOLLY opened her eyes at last. Watching a crack that sprawled across the ceiling, she brought herself to with a start when she realized that she was not thinking. "Everybody wants something," she whispered half aloud. She gave it up at last; she could not think of anything right now except for the tiny, demanding flutter of excitement that began at heart's bottom and yearned upward like a salmon upstream—and about this she did not dare to think.

She got up and went for her hat, slowly. Benny met her on the way back. His mouth twitched and his eyebrows joined high in a little agonized whorl. He blinked constantly.

"Molly, for gosh sake, tell me what to do!"

"I told you what to do."

"I mean—that's not what I mean—it's—oh cripes, Molly! Listen, I'll leave it all up to you. Whatever you say. Anything, anything you say!"

Molly shrugged and went out. She went carefully down the stairs, balancing on each step.

Steve was ready to put his finger on the bell just as she opened the front door. She stared at him. He hung his head and looked at her in the half-guilty, half-shy, don't-be-mad way that always made her furious. "Your Pa told me you were home," he said, "so I came to drive you down." Silently she went past him and climbed into the front seat of the car, where she sat huddled in her corner. Steve circled the front of the car, flicking dust off fenders on his way, and grunted in beside her. He looked shyly and searchingly sidewise, shook his head and put the key into the lock. His finger hung over the starter button.

"For the first time today," said Steve, "will you marry me?"

Molly said, "Steve, please shut up for five minutes."

Steve pressed his lips together, jutted out his chin and pressed the starter button hard. He swung out into the traffic savagely, raced to the corner and brought the car to a plowed stop

at the red light. He glared at the light, hating it.

Molly settled herself, jolted by the sudden stop. She watched Steve's sandy, rough-hewn, rose-hued face, the smooth and solid hands on the wheel, the large Chinese signet ring flicking stabs of light from diamond chips. Steve was made for comfort, built for supporting great weights, tempered to endure. Even his five-year edge of age on her was designed for comfort. He'd endured four years of waiting already, and she was sure he would stolidly wait for yet another four. And as a word could look foolish and strange and meaningless if you looked at it long enough, so Steve could now and then appear, as he appeared now, a total stranger, unrecognized.

"Steve," she said, "to you I will pronounce deadly words. You are kind and good and sweet."

Steve grunted, but his face softened. He was actually pleased. She marveled.

He came back to the point in question immediately, growling, "You're going to slave your whole life away for Benny. We'll never get married."

The little voice inside her started singing, swelling her throat. She sat up very straight. "Steve," she said, "Benny's not going to university."

"Who said so?"

"Benny said so."

STEVE slid the car into a parking space along the curb, cut off the motor and jammed the brake with one operation. He turned to her. "Come on, give," he demanded.

She told him then, carefully, weighing it in her own mind, too, everything that she and Benny had said. Steve listened but after a while he took his eyes off her and watched out the window, gazing at some distant thing and rolling his tongue around inside his cheek. He drummed his nails on the steering wheel.

Then, still looking out the front window, he said, "Molly, you cheated."

"What do you mean?" truculently. "He's just a kid, he don't know what he's doing."

"He's old enough. He knows what he wants," Molly retorted.

"No," Stevengawed on each word, "he don't know what he wants. He's being noble, Molly. He's backing out because of you, see? You could've stopped it, Molly. He wanted you to stop it. He's scared. I know. Molly, you could've stopped it. Your Pa's heart will break."

"Shut up," said Molly.

Steve went on, "Doctor bills and babies and diapers and nagging and rent and mothers-in-law and gas meters and insurance payments at eighteen!"

"Please shut up," Molly said.

"It wasn't necessary, Molly," Steve continued, turning and taking her rigid hand. "Baby, it just wasn't necessary. How many times I got to tell you I got more money than I need? The linen business is going like a ten-year fire sale and the old man's going to retire in just a little while and it'll be all mine. How many times I got to tell you that? I'll put the kid through school. It ain't charity. Like one of my own, know what I mean? He don't have to do this, Molly. We can get married anyway. It ain't necessary."

Molly pulled her hand away and slapped it against her knee. "Married! Married! Married!" The words hissed out like steam. "Is that all I'm supposed to think about? What am I? A piece of goods? Is this all I'm supposed to look for? I tell you I got a mind, too! I got a hunger all my own. Maybe I want to go to university!"

Steve stared at her and his lips opened and closed a few times.

"Yeah—go ahead and stare! Cinder—Continued on page 34

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Continued from page 32

ella wants a career! All my life, I tell you, all my life! Cinderella wants to walk to the office in a tailored suit with a brief case. Is it a crime?"

Steve studied his fingernails.

Molly glared out the window, sitting stiffly, her fists clenched now in her lap. "The Little Lavender Prince has abdicated," she said. "Long live Princess Molly!"

Steve switched on the motor. Carefully, he swung out into the traffic lane and drove slowly down the street. The candy store was five blocks away and Steve spotted a parking place a few doors off. He pulled into it and shut the motor off again. Then he turned to Molly. "All you got to do is tell your Pa," he said.

Molly threw him a furious look, struggled helplessly with the door. Steve reached over surely and opened it for her. She rushed out without looking back and went into the store, almost knocking over Mr. Spiegel who was coming out blotting his mouth with a napkin.

PA, AT the cash register, looked up and experimented with a smile. But Molly went quickly by without acknowledging it. She hung her hat on a rack at the back of the store, put an apron over her dress, went briskly to the sink, rinsed out a dishrag and began energetically and silently mopping up the two tables. After these, she ran the rag in a great sweep down the length of the marble counter, getting unreasonably concerned over an obscure crack at the end.

Looking up, she saw Steve leaning against an automobile directly in front, watching her. She made an angry gesture that he go away. He refused, solemnly.

The tears pushed at the corners of her eyes and she bent her head. She turned the hot water on full and the steam rose around her. She heard Pa clearing his throat. The door opened, jangling the little bell. Steve sauntered in, nodded to Mr. Miller and slid onto a counter stool directly in front of Molly.

Molly looked up, hissing. Steve's eyes were grey and deep. One looked a long way down. Far down at the bottom was stubbornness and a soft pain. Steve said, "A coke, please, Molly." Then he looked over at Mr. Miller.

Molly slapped the coke in front of Steve, deliberately slopping some of it. Steve steered the glass closer and inspected it. So did Pa. The two men watched the glass as though it had come alive.

The older man reached out and turned the glass so it would catch more light. He nodded his head. "A funny thing," he said, "how a father can't talk to his son. Can't talk, that's all! Everything chokes up inside and you can't talk. Enemies, almost. But yet not enemies but trying to climb over a big fence in between. Steve, why is that? You're a grown man now—tell me, why is that?"

"I don't know," Steve said. "I don't know exactly why that is. It was like that between me and my Pop, too. Sometimes almost strangers. It's different now, a little. We both want more the same things, I guess."

Mr. Miller nodded. "Your Pa wanted you to go to university?"

The dapper little jeweler from next door came cheerfully in and climbed the stool beside Mr. Miller. Gaily, he ordered a chocolate soda and winked at Mr. Miller as though this were an accomplishment. He got a stony response. Molly whipped the soda together and laid it in front of the neat little man. Then all three watched him intently as he drank it. Half through the jeweler became self-conscious, finished his drink in haste, paid for it in guilt and went out quickly, darting glances behind.

"No," Steve said, "he didn't care particularly about university. But I wanted to go, I had a yearning for it. I wanted to be a somebody inside of me, for myself. I wanted to be a person."

Mr. Miller said, "I know just exactly what you mean."

Steve took another sip of the coke, compressed his lips against the gas. "Well, my Pop wanted me to go into the business. That was his life, the business. That was what he had to pass on to the world and he wanted me to carry on. He started something and he couldn't see it just stop without a reason. I fought, but I went into the business."

Molly leaned across the counter. "Pa," she said, "I got to tell you—"

Mr. Miller interrupted, keeping his eyes away from Molly's. "Just a minute, Molly—me and Steve are

having a talk. I'm interested." He put his hand on Steve's arm. "Steve," he said, "I got no business to carry on. This candy store is a hole in the head, not a business. But your—what is it, Steve?—your 'yearning'? That I got. That's what I got to pass on to the world. All my life I wanted learning and I never had a chance. So, if it won't take my lifetime, it'll take someone else's. I told myself my son would go to college and be a somebody. A somebody inside himself, like you said."

Molly said, "Pa, listen to me, Pa."

But Mr. Miller bent closer to Steve. "Now with Benny going to college at last, it's almost like I made it myself. Almost like there's a meaning to my life. A whole life of fight and struggle and worry—and what have I got? A candy store! You work it hard enough, it'll give one person a college education. This is the meaning of my life, this is the gift I got to give to my son."

THREE old man swallowed, stopped. Then he got off the stool and went directly to a table near the door, where he sat looking out. The tired and ragged tufts of grey hair above his ears looked like old spider webs against the light.

Steve reached across the counter and tried to take hold of Molly's wrist. She pulled it out of the way. "Molly," he whispered, "there's still time. I'll drive you back to the house. You can talk the kid out of it. You know you can!"

"What about me?" Molly cried out at last. "What about me? What am I around here anyway?"

A rickety alarm clock behind the cash register suddenly began ticking very loudly.

Mr. Miller did not move. He said, very quietly, so that both Molly and Steve had to bend closer to hear, "To my son I give my gift. That is the way it is, that is the world. I can't explain it, but yet I understand it, like there are laws I cannot explain but yet I understand."

Steve grabbed Molly's wrist then and held on. He put his lips near her ear and said, "Molly—Molly, I love you!"

Molly twisted her head away. "I've got rights!" she cried, "I tell you I've got rights, too!"

Pa did not move, but stared out at the traffic. His head began to sway a

bit, as though rocking an old, familiar and beloved sorrow. "I don't know," he mumbled, "I don't know. I'm an old man."

Steve put up his free hand and turned Molly's face to meet his. "Mr. Miller," he said, still looking at Molly, "Mr. Miller, tell me, what would you do if Benny said he didn't want to go to university? Just as a teaser, now."

Steve still looked out the window. "I'll wait," he said. "If he doesn't want to go to college now, then he'll want to later on. Kids get ideas, they change. I waited my whole life long already. I can wait for what's left." His head rocked again. "Yes," he said, as though to himself alone, "I'll wait." He folded his arms across his chest and looked out at the endless and unchanging and varied and yet monotonous stream of automobiles swooshing by like seconds.

Steve pulled Molly closer. "My offer," he whispered. "I'll put the kid through college. There's still time—you can stop him."

Molly looked at him. "Will you give me a good home, Steve?"

"Anything you want, Molly, anything. I love you!"

"Will you furnish me a bright new kitchen, Steve?"

"Whatever you want, Molly."

"You'll buy me a diamond ring and bracelet? You'll hire a maid so I can play mah-jongg in the afternoon?"

"You're boss, Molly."

Molly said, "Steve, I hate you."

"You'll feel different later on," said Steve.

Molly pulled her hand gently away. She went slowly to the rear of the store and took her hat off the rack, but she did not put it on. She held it limply at her side, dropped her apron to a chair and came wearily down the length of the store. Steve joined her at the door, the keys to the car already in his hand.

Pa looked up. His eyes were misty wet and old and pained. He reached out and gently took a fold of Molly's dress. "You'll see," Pa said, "You'll see. You'll send your boys to college, too."

Molly whirled.

"The girls, too!" she cried. "The girls, too!" And she went out quickly to the car.

"The girls, too," repeated Steve and he followed her. ★

The Riviera—Bare Skins and Bank Rolls

Continued from page 17

I found them taking sunbaths with almost scientific precision to achieve that even over-all tan that is the hallmark of their kind.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*," Dr. Jacques Durville, one of the founders of the movement, said gravely. "A sane mind can only live in a sane body. That's why we wear the minimum and let the sunrays regenerate our tissues. Most of us are also vegetarians and do neither drink nor smoke."

In fact Dr. Durville's disciples seemed to be bursting with health, from the 70-year-old colonel who swam faster than many a young man, to the kids who went deep-sea fishing with their spring harpoons and crooked breathing tubes. No one on the beach paid more attention to the opposite sex than bathers in Cannes or Nice would have done.

The atmosphere was so pure on the island it could even be called puritanic. The believers in the minimum had little patience with newcomers who didn't

follow their example right away. When my wife appeared in a black bathing suit it was *they* who took a scandalized air.

After dark we had some cool wine on a terrace high above the sea while brightly lit ships passed by like toys below. The grasshoppers were giving their monotonous concert and, in a tent far away, an old record played Cole Porter's "Night and Day."

"It's a nice change from all those snobs on the coast," I remarked. "Vive la vie primitive!"

I had hardly spoken when a plump, elderly young man appeared on the scene. Our waitress almost dropped her plates.

"That's Errol Flynn, the movie actor," she said breathlessly. "He arrived on his yacht this afternoon."

Any resemblance between this pot-bellied gentleman and the dashing young screen hero seemed to be purely coincidental, but it was really he. He was accompanied by his 20-year-old son.

"I came over here from St. Tropez," he told us, "to get a few days rest from my vacation."

I discovered that the daily schedule of holiday life on the mainland coast went something like this:

10 a.m.: waking up for first time.

11 a.m.: waking up for second time.

11.30 : getting up (slowly).

12.30 : breakfast.

1.30 : aperitif

3-5 : beach.

5.30 : tea.

7.00 : change for the evening.

8 p.m. to 6 a.m.: raising the devil.

The regional night life is centred in Juan-les-Pins, the gaudy pleasure resort between Cannes and Nice. The innkeepers there have hit on a new formula: instead of floor shows they organize audience-participation games.

In one place I saw respectable bankers and industrialists creep over the floor on all fours after a huge cardboard crocodile. At Maxim's, Norma Shearer and Jennifer Jones furiously pedaled away on two home-trainers to win a bicycle race.

The M.C. proudly announced that seven competitors had fainted. Then he invited the women guests on the dance floor to play "vicious circle," a game in which they had to catch with their feet a number of champagne bottles dangling from the ceiling. About a dozen girls promptly stood on their heads and got after the champagne. Salvador Dali, watching this scene

from the next table to mine, sighed: "They ain't no Betty Grables, but boy, what an idea for a painting!"

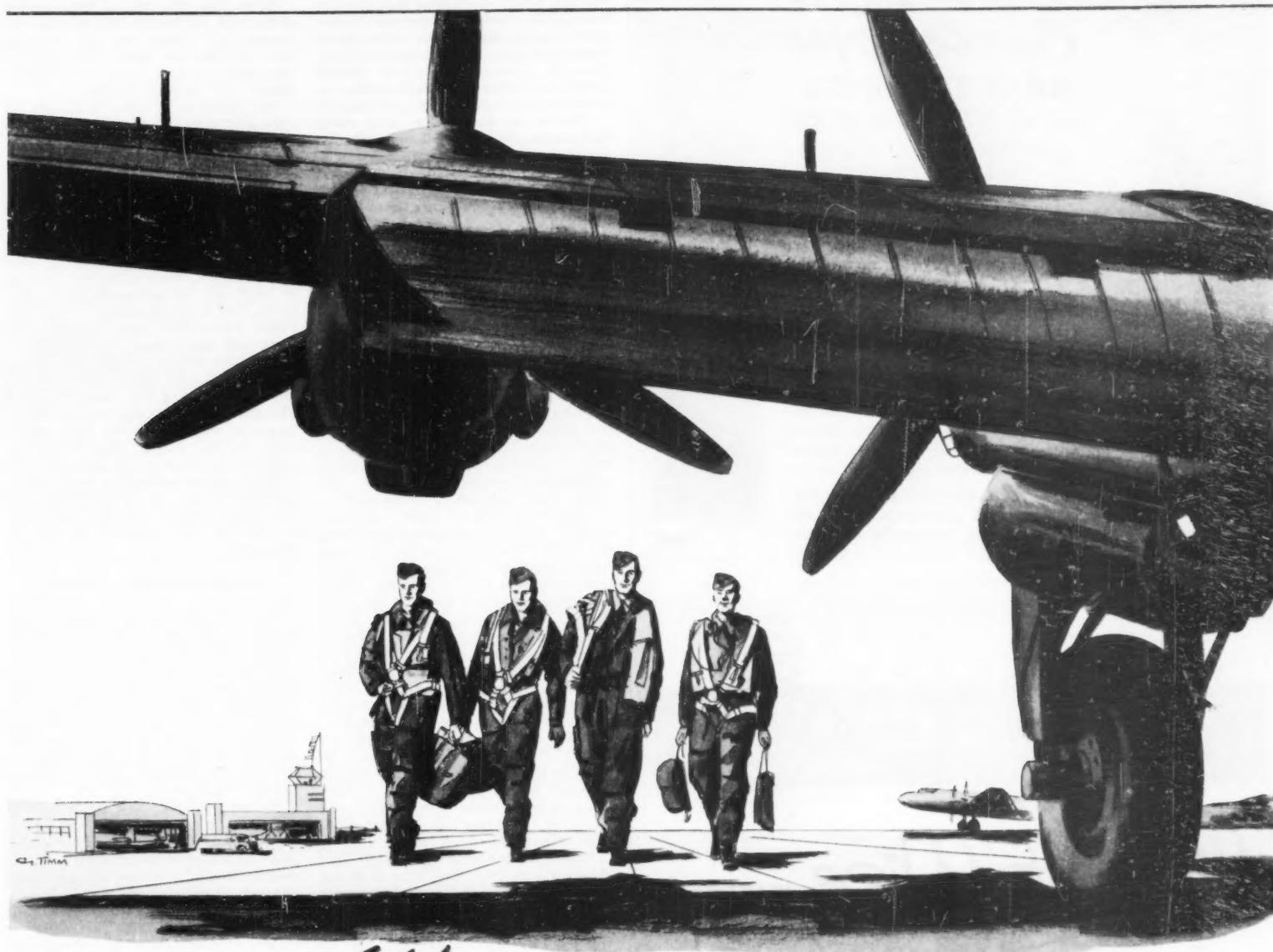
Dali would have been even more gratified a little later had he moved with us to Fred Carroll's beach, a swanky water-front terrace at La Garoupe. Fred went to extraordinary lengths to put his clientele into a dreamy, out-of-this-world mood. While his Cuban orchestra played languid love songs, floodlights hidden in the palm trees lit up the sea; panels covered with gravures and silk tapestries protected the guests against the evening breeze.

At 2 a.m. a stranger suddenly tossed a tear-gas bomb into the place and the 200 customers scattered in a panic without paying their bills.

This was only one more incident in a bitter war the night-club owners of the Côte d'Azur were waging. The trouble was that no fewer than 117 full-fledged *bottes de nuit* and 800 minor *dancings* were competing for the favors of the tourists. And although the tourists were craving for more fun than ever they were no longer disposed to throw their money around.

"Things aren't as they used to be," Father José told me one day over

Continued on page 36

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... IT'S LOVELY
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Continued from page 34
Martini. "I remember the time when the Aga Khan would stroll into L'oyd's Bank at Nice every morning and make out a cheque for \$5,000 to be spent during the day. I recall how Sir Basil Zaharoff, after a banquet at Monte Carlo, would leave tips amounting to three months' salary for each waiter.

"Today the rich sit on their cash. The other evening a famous Hollywood producer made a rumpus in a Cannes restaurant because he found an error of 100 francs (30 cents) in his bill."

Only a Shape Is Necessary

José was full of this kind of atrocity story. He complained about the princess who washed her own laundry and hung it in the hotel window to dry; about Orson Welles forgetting to sign chits for his drinks; about the young woman who started breast-feeding her baby in the middle of the ultrachic Palm Beach casino; about the Cadillac owners who sat down under a pine tree at noon and had their white-gloved chauffeur serve them sandwiches because they were too stingy to lunch in a restaurant.

"But what irks us most," he concluded, "are all those upstarts infesting the Côte d'Azur nowadays. It is no longer possible to distinguish a gentleman from a fortune hunter. Both are dressed alike and frequent the same places. The girls are even more difficult to situate. All they need as an introduction is a pretty figure."

The favorite hunting ground of these adventurers, male and female, is Eden Roc, the luxurious swimming pool hewn in granite on the tip of Cap d'Antibes. For an entrance fee of 500 francs (\$1.50) they were almost certain to meet on its planks some of the richest men and women in the world. I went there several times but never quite managed to distinguish the big shots from the nobodies.

"Look at the horrible little wolf with the mustache over there who is trying to play up to that blonde," my wife said once. "I'm sure he is after her fortune." It turned out that the man was an Egyptian cotton king (or an Argentine cattle breeder) and the girl a little Paris model.

Unquestionably the bathing suit is a great equalizer and, if an Eden Roc climber was good-looking enough to attract the attention of some nabob or wealthy widow, anything could happen — from a flirtation to a marriage.

I was not surprised to learn about the ambassador's daughter who dated three times a charming young man she had met at the pool before she discovered he was Maurice Chevalier's chauffeur.

For a time the few surviving bluebloods tried to form a circle rigidly closed to the commoners. Two summers ago all the titled heads on the coast were invited to a reception in the Aga Khan's villa, Yakimour.

Among those who showed up were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, his brother Robert, Princess Maria of Italy, Princess Violet of Montenegro, and various other unemployed royalty. They had a sumptuous dinner—and bored each other to death.

The remark of the evening was made by the Duchess of Windsor who explained at the sight of a roast peacock: "A few years ago I was so poor I couldn't even dream of such a setup."

Her table companions raised their eyebrows; she added: "Yes, yes, I never had enough money to do what I wanted. I remember in 1931 or '32, when I was presented at Court, I had to borrow a dress from my friend

Consuelo Shaw because I had nothing suitable to wear."

After this the idea of future royal gatherings on the Riviera was quietly abandoned. There was obviously no use carrying on when the wife of England's ex-king made no pretense about her modest origins.

The Duke of Windsor is known for choosing his friends for their charm and breeding rather than their birth certificates. The people he liked most among his long-time Riviera acquaintances probably were the Zanucks—as plain and unaffected Americans as they come.

One night at a dance competition in the Carlton Hotel he teamed up with the Zanuck's pretty daughter Virginia to perform an accomplished tango. Later the Duke declared: "We certainly would have won the first prize if my wife hadn't been on the jury."

Only the princesses of pen and palette persist in staying aloof from ordinary mortals. During my visit Somerset Maugham, for instance, lived in almost monastic seclusion in his Villa Maurique on Cap Ferrat. One of the few persons admitted to his presence was a British artist working on his portrait. She told us that the old storyteller had his closets full of paintings he liked to behold—all portraits of W. S. Maugham.

Frankfurters on a Picasso

Nobel Prize winner André Gide, however, abhorred having his picture taken. One afternoon I was sitting near him on a café terrace at St. Paul de Vence when a passer-by tried to take a snapshot of him. The 80-year-old poet jumped up and vigorously slapped the face of the admirer who had enough elegance to say, holding his cheek: "I feel deeply honored, master, deeply honored indeed!"

As for Pablo Picasso he welcomed strangers only if they paid cash for his products. He didn't have to complain; since he switched to ceramics a never-ending flow of overseas buyers passes through his colorful atelier at Vallauris.

"There are more American housewives than you fathom," he wrote to a Paris colleague recently, "who dream of eating their frankfurters from a plate signed Picasso."

Most Riviera Frenchmen shrug at the doings of the holiday crowd in general. They go to bed early and consider all tourists as more or less balmy. This might explain why 90% of the towns and villages along the coast are run either by Socialists or Communists.

The southern French Communism is a special kind. It seems to be tempered by the climate and the infectious joie de vivre. I was amazed to find in the Patriote de Nice, the local Red party paper, this notice: "The Prince and Princess Ali Khan will honor the Ball of a Thousand Flowers with their presence." This was followed by a whole series of equally reverent announcements.

When I brought this apparent paradox to the attention of Dr. Picaud, the extreme-leftist mayor of Cannes, he smiled. "We Riviera people are true democrats. We don't look down on a man just because he happens to be a millionaire." ★

Give to the
RED CROSS

High Fashion? Huh!

Continued from page 19

it is beautiful. Anyway, it's me, and I hope they like it."

With her irreverent attitude toward the shibboleths of fashion Etches is naturally not rated with the Big Ten of British designers. But she does rate with Ninette de Valois. And that's how she came to rock the New York fashion critics. It's a story of good luck and plain hard work.

When Sadlers Wells planned its now-historic North American tour last fall the Big Ten offered to design wardrobes for the leading ballerinas to show America the best in British modes. Mme. de Valois was shown the sketches for her wardrobe. She did not like the ideas.

The designer said, "But madame, I am providing these things free." The small director tensed herself as if for a Nijinsky leap and soared out of the salon.

She took a taxi to 50 Frith Street. "Matilda, will you do me a wardrobe for my tour?" Etches, who has worked on costumes for Sadlers Wells since the company was formed, said, "Of course, my dear." She had three weeks.

Beginning with the idea that the total weight of clothing and accessories should not exceed the 66-pound baggage allowance of international air travelers, Etches produced a flying wardrobe of a dozen interchangeable pieces. Basically it was two complete day outfits, a cocktail suit and two evening dresses with capes. They can be reassembled in two score combinations.

Swinging into the plane in her new full-length tweed traveling coat Mme. de Valois rocketed off to North America with a complete wardrobe of 44 pounds. Sadlers Wells got the biggest reception New York has given visiting Britons since the King and Queen. And the lady who got the most bravos for her wardrobe was de Valois.

A Week for a Wardrobe

Fashion editors raved over her two Matilda Etches shell capes for evening wear. The multicolored taffeta short capes are made in a simple circular pattern in two layers. A novice could make one in a short time with about \$12 worth of material. The shell capes overdrizzled \$10,000 minks at the mayor's reception and some other civic banquets New York tossed for the British dancers.

When Etches got her breath after the New York hullabaloo she was urged to fly over to capture the dollar yield from her triumph and to look into several overtures from U. S. and Canadian manufacturers. She had only one week to invent her own flying wardrobe.

The most unusual items were a theatre coat in burgundy Sea Island cotton, quilted and embroidered in black and red sequins, and a new twist on the shell evening cape. This one is made of accordion-pleated ribbon in black and two shades of red.

Etches' high-spirited fitters and dressmaking hands worked night and day on the boss' wardrobe. The evening before she took off Etches designed a black jersey evening dress, which was made overnight. The last of her wardrobe arrived from the shop a half hour before plane time.

Etches does not follow the universal fashion salon practice of making dresses from drawings. She uses an older and more direct method. She drapes material on the dressmaker's dummy, or "stand" in the trade, and

cuts it with scissors, after she has draped it in the most interesting play of fold and pattern. In sculptural terms clothing is "in the round," and Etches believes in sculpturing fabric instead of sewing dresses from blueprints.

Graham Sutherland, a leading British modern painter, says, "She is an artist. She draws with materials."

Etches says, "Art schools are wrong in teaching dress design by means of drawings. You must start with an appreciation of material and learn first to use the scissors. Every week I have two or three fashion school kids coming in here looking for jobs. I feel sorry for them. They know nothing about dressmaking."

A Sailor Suit for Beatrice

Her greatest achievement in international style was to popularize British long staple cotton in *haute couture*. The British Cotton Board has officially saluted her for "making cotton high fashion." Etches elevated cotton in 1948 after visiting Manchester in her ceaseless hunt for beautiful materials.

In the warehouse of J. A. Duke & Son, an old cotton house, she discovered several bolts of bold primitive African prints. Duke's explained that they were reserved for the West African trade. In the old days the house exported unbleached cotton which was then hand-printed by native craftsmen, using woodcuts of their own traditional designs. In recent years the native block-printing art had died out, so Duke's had brought several old native artists to Manchester where they had made a series of authentic designs for machine-printing in the mill.

Etches left with a crate of the stuff and wound it around her stands, slashing away with her artful scissors. Out of that came an Etches cotton collection that brought London's smart women running for African Gold Coast evening duds.

Etches ranges through history and art for her inspirations. She has done day dresses inspired by nun's habits. One of her striking ensembles was a green velvet suit and three-quarter coat with large fur cuffs derived from the dress of Montreal women about 1810. She has costumed many period plays and films.

The Matilda Etches clientele is as unordinary as the designer herself. The discerning clients are represented by life casts of their torsos in wax and papier-mâché which stand in a corner of her workrooms. Vivien Leigh's small rib cage stands beside the different architecture of Martita Hunt. There is Jean Kent, the young musical comedy actress, and Georgia Sitwell, the Montreal-born wife of author Sachaevell Sitwell. Georgia is a director of Matilda Etches, Ltd.

Other effigies in the workroom represent Margot Fonteyn, the premier ballerina of Sadlers Wells, and Canadian-born Beatrice Lillie, whom Etches finds the perfect conspirator for puckish ideas in clothes. Bea tripped down the gangplank in New York recently wearing a "Peter Thompson" sailor suit concocted by Etches on the inspiration of a Victorian small boy's walking-out dress.

Etches dresses such younger actresses as Sally Ann Howes, Lilli Palmer, Paulette Goddard and Diana Wynyard, but she is equally interested in making clothes for a slightly older group, comprising Rosamund Lehmann, Constance Collier, Lady Alan Herbert and Mrs. Clive Brook.

Compared with the prices of Parisian *haute couture* Etches' creations are not costly. Her finest things, representing days of skilled hand work and rich



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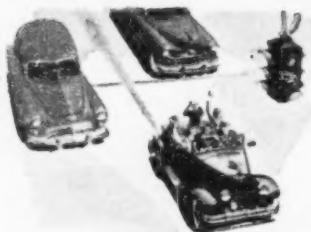
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materials, range from \$200 to \$300, with, of course, a 33 1/3% purchase tax added by the Government. Many of her most beautiful and representative clothes come cheaper than that.

"I have no ambition to become a famous fashion house," she says. "I believe in undated simplicity, fine cut and comfort. I am not fashion-minded. I invent my special dresses."

Last year she got an idea for inventing a special day dress to be made of crochet cotton, a coupon-free material. (At the time clothes rationing still prevailed in England.) She engaged an elderly Russian named Chernakoff who crocheted the dress in three weeks, using 6,888 yards of string.

Etches' Soho workrooms are located at a poor address for a hotcha couturier, in a faded region of old joys now given over to poor cafés, good chop suey joints, and prim hellholes for the visiting fireman.

You go up the stairs over a hairdressers' trade association headquarters to three upper-story rooms, the first of which is a serene pink-and-white showroom. The workrooms above are littered with snippets of cloth on the floor, brown-paper-covered worktables, the "stands" (perhaps Vivien Leigh's torso is fitted with falsies to simulate another client's measurements), and a snowfall of scribbled memos Matilda has written to herself.

At the tables sit two of Matilda's dressmaking hands, Mary Brain, of Yorkshire, and Audrey Bloomfield, of London. They work under blond Virginie Farley, chief fitter and cutter.

Even Her Flops Were Good

Working conditions at *Maison Matilda* are cheerful. The Ministry of Labor says *chez Etches* is the model ladies' garment atelier in London. The employer in question flings the compliment right back, "My girls are marvelous. They say British workers are slow and tired. Pish and tosh! Talk about incentives. We try to shoot high here. When we have something in the shop like Ninette's wardrobe the girls leap to it."

The boss is there too, scissoring, soaping out lines on the cutting table, cutting the *toiles* for a coat.

Etches confined herself to film and theatre work during the war. Private clothing was out. Theatre and movie costume fabrics were also out, due to rationing. She dyed surgical muslin in washbasins and had them hand-painted, for the costumes in "Gaiety George." She cut Indian saris, bedspreads and shawls to make costumes. She discovered that utility jersey photographed like crepe de Chine, for wartime films. In the French-garden scene for "Henry V" she dressed Renée Asherson in a heavy medieval gown of pink utility linen. Miss Asherson's knees buckled under the weight and an iron framework had to be made to hold the actress up.

Some of Etches' most brilliant work has been for flops—"Gaiety George," "Caesar and Cleopatra," and "Anna Karenina," for instance. Her theatre costuming includes "Duet for Two Hands," "The Admirable Crichton," Sartre's "Huis Clos" and Ibsen's "Ghosts."

Her first important film job was "Colonel Blimp" in 1942; these Edwardian women's costumes are still remembered as among the finest period costumes done for color film.

A feminine type herself, Etches is all for the "swooningly feminine." Although she is one of the best-dressed women in London in public, she wears skirts and sweat shirts when wielding her scissors.

Maclean's Magazine, March 1, 1950

Those scissors have snipped a life out of the cloth of fate as intriguing as any gown from the Etches collection. The dreams of the artistic life in Chelsea soon faded when the awkward teen-ager returned to London with her father just before World War I.

Marconi at the Bullfrog

At 16 (she said she was 27) she went into a munitions factory and soon had charge of 500 women. "We made some beautiful shells," she says.

Then she joined the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, but they found out her real age and gave her a dull post in a quartermaster's depot at Bristol. There she met and married an army officer.

"The marriage was ridiculous," she says. "It was another time. We were silly people then." After the birth of a daughter (who is now a mother herself) Matilda separated from her husband in 1923 and went on her own again.

She came to London to be a dressmaker. She tried to get on the design staff of the big fashion houses, but she did not have previous experience. Etches again and again faced the classic modern dilemma—"You have to have experience to get a job and you have to have a job to get experience."

She set herself up as a dressmaker in a small flat in Bayswater. "I began work at 9 after staying up dancing till 4 in the morning. We danced at the Bullfrog night club, near the Regent Palace Hotel. We all danced. Marconi danced and the beautiful Vanbrugh sisters, and Jacob Epstein, the sculptor. We paid half a crown and danced to Marc Antony's band."

The years did not dance, but plodded slowly and painfully as she made dresses in St. John's Wood, on Welbeck Street, Harley Street, Berkeley Street and Quebec Street.

In 1934 Mrs. Morton Lane, a lady of social entree, agreed to arrange an Etches fashion show at the Dorchester Hotel for a fee of 25 guineas.

The first Etches collection, 30 garments, including a white chiffon evening dress decorated with sprayed tin and a cape suit something like the New Look that Christian Dior introduced years later, was paraded at the Dorchester to a large turnout of fashion tradespeople.

"Nobody said a word—complete silence," Etches says. "I tried to hide; I felt I was a failure until after the show when Mrs. Lane called me back and said, 'There are people who want to meet you.' Some were fashion editors from the U. S.

"They liked my clothes, but nobody bought anything. I walked out of the Dorchester in a divine white frock with a shilling in my pocket. I tried to sell my collection to Harrod's, the big department store. They said, 'Until you have made your name, Miss Etches, you cannot hope to sell your clothes.'"

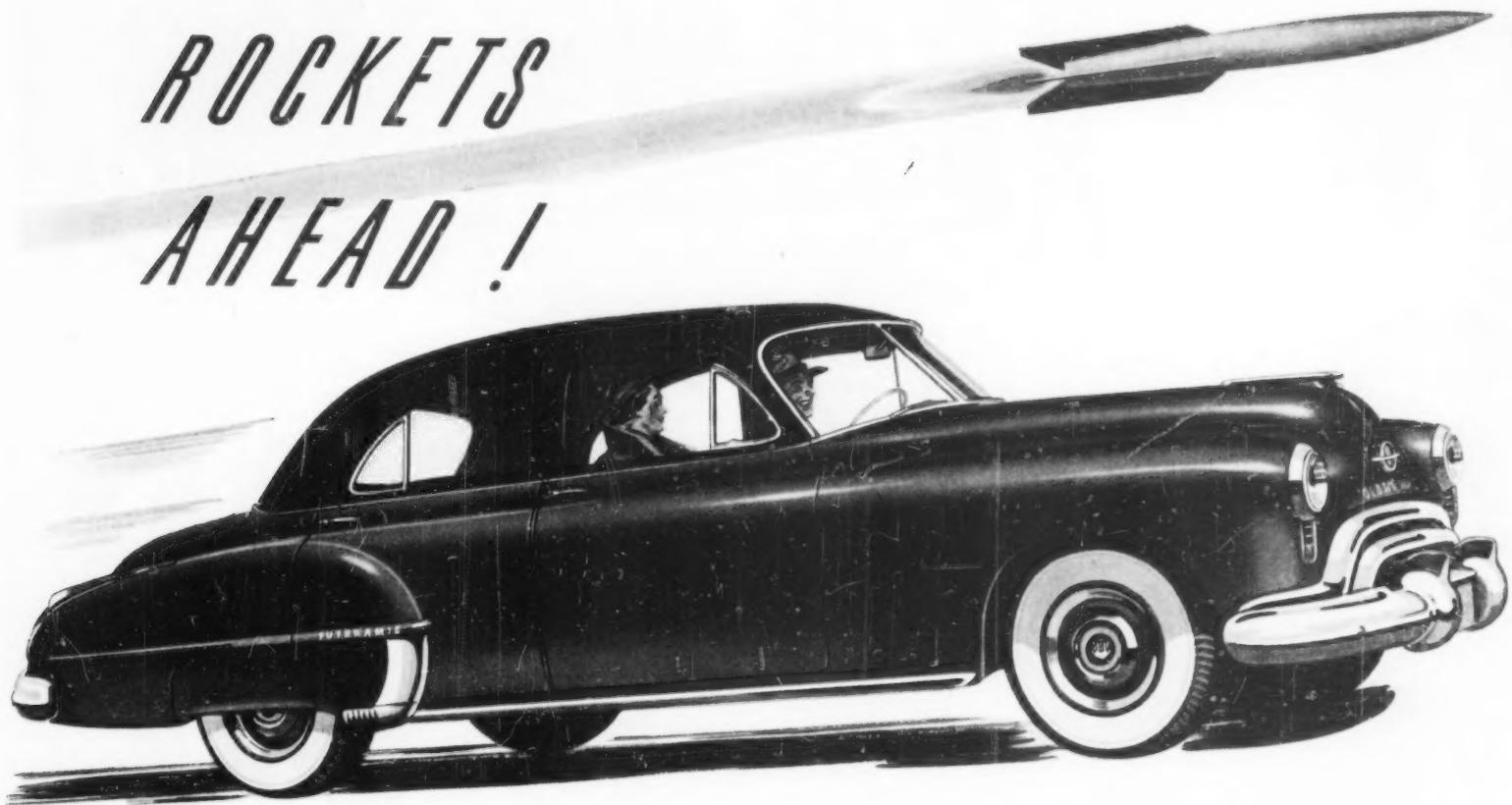
The fashion editors, however, soon began to reward Matilda with a name, the all-important name. Annually she was discovered and rediscovered.

She received a hearty reception on a postwar visit to Australia with her cotton collection. She took bulging trunks of materials designed by Feliks Topolski, Henry Moore, Christian Berard, Graham Sutherland, John Piper, and Negro artists.

Etches plans to install a ready-made branch of her business. But she shows no signs of acquiring the last perquisite to a *salon de haute couture*—the be-frogged Balkan vice-admiral at the curb holding his umbrella over madam as she enters the door.

If Etches met one of these dignitaries outside her workrooms she would be afraid to go in. ★

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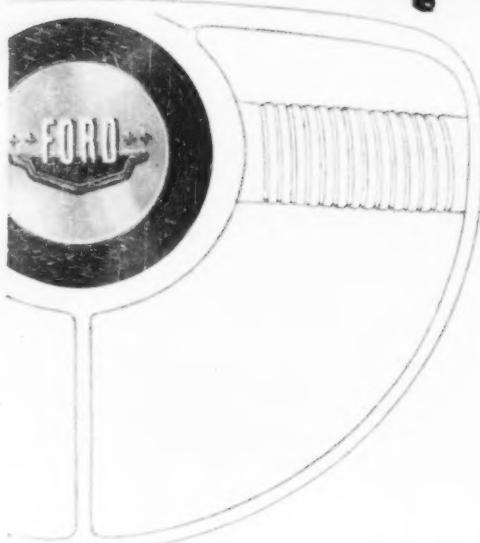
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Lester Patrick's 50 Years On Ice

Continued from page 15

fantasy (which Lester tolerated because it was good business but never liked much) lies in fact an extremely simple Canadian, highly domesticated, God-fearing, studious, businesslike — essentially a family man and small-town citizen with a single aberration, a boy's love of hockey.

What follows is not a profile of Lester but an attempt to distill what he has learned about hockey, and about Canadian life which it reflects since he cut his first crooked stick in the woods and played shinny on the icy sidewalks of Montreal.

After many days of talk, with Patrick leaping across the floor behind an imaginary puck, thrusting an imaginary stick in the listener's face and scoring imaginary goals from the blue line and after digesting his scrapbooks that weigh 48 pounds, 12 ounces, I can tell you what the man who made that epic thinks of hockey.

He thinks hockey is better today than ever.

To old hockey players and to most Canadians over 40 this statement will come as a shattering heresy. And inevitably, to prove that hockey has become a sissy game, they will retell the legend of Cyclone Taylor, who used to bet that he could score goals skating backward and win his bets every time.

The Truth About Taylor

Lester played with Taylor and thinks him the greatest hockey performer in history, but he saw the original incident from the ice and herewith deflates the legend for the first time:

"In 1909-10 Taylor and I were playing for Renfrew. Taylor had played for the Silver Seven of Ottawa (what a team!) and now he was back in Ottawa to play against his old teammates. He was a modest fellow and still is, and a very fine gentleman, but he liked to joke in those days. And in the old Windsor Hotel, before the game, some sports writers asked him how he expected to get past the Ottawa defense. Taylor laughed—that contagious boy's laugh of his 'Why,' he said, 'I can score on those fellows skating backward.'

"Well, of course he didn't mean it seriously. But on one of his rushes the Ottawa defense stopped him cold and turned him around with his back to the Ottawa goal. He flipped the puck, back-handed. It nosed past the goal tender. I was on the ice and saw the whole thing and we went on playing. But by the time the sports writers had finished with it you'd have thought the Cyclone had deliberately won a bet, and you'd have thought he repeated this performance just about every night afterward. The Cyclone didn't make the legend. The public did."

It is staggering and rather sad for a Canadian to hear the truth about Taylor's famous goal. It is like being told that Laura Secord had no cow, that Sir John A. was a teetotaler. Fortunately no one will believe the truth.

"And in case you're disappointed," said Lester, "I'll tell you something still more amazing that Taylor actually did, and I saw him do it. (Patrick began to demonstrate by skating across the living room floor.) I forgot just when it was but I can see the Cyclone now—taking the puck down the entire rink, being forced behind the opposing goal, slipping out with the puck, skating all the way back and

around his own goal, and then down the ice all the way again, through the whole opposing team and scoring, without the help of anyone! Skating backward," said Lester, retreating zig-zag across the room, "was nothing to the Cyclone. He could skate faster backward than almost anyone else could skate forward. But taking the puck twice down the ice, holding it all the way and finally scoring—that was special, even for him."

The truth, as Lester sees it, is that there are few if any hockey stars today as good as such immortals as Hod Stuart or Tom Phillips—and few, he might have added but didn't, as good as Lester Patrick. There is none, he says, as good as Taylor. But the game is better, faster, more scientific and more spectacular.

This is indeed a heresy but Lester is entitled to utter it, for his experience in the actual play of hockey, apart from its management, is unequalled. He played in the East in his teens and twenties and had won a Stanley Cup virtually single-handed, before he moved out to Nelson, B.C., to work in his father's lumber camps and mills. He returned to the East in the winters to play his first professional hockey and then, tired of such migrations, established with his father, Joseph Patrick, and his brother, Frank, the rinks of Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster and later Seattle into which the whole Patrick fortune was plunged and almost lost. And all those years, east and west, he was playing hockey himself as one of the greatest defensemen of all time, first because it saved a player's wages and, second, because he couldn't live without a hockey stick in his hands.

Comparing modern with ancient hockey, you have to remember, says Lester, that a seven-man team used to play 60 minutes—no substitutions allowed unless a player was knocked out completely—and by the end of the game every player was exhausted. That cut down speed.

Lester himself invented the substitution of an entire forward line in the famous Stanley Cup series of 1925 in Victoria and revolutionized hockey overnight.

"The Canadiens came west and those easterners who came with them in their hard derby hats bet their last dollar that an upstart team in Victoria (Victoria, the city of flowers at Christmas) couldn't stop them. Who could stop Morenz and Joliat and Boucher? Who could score on the great Vezina? But I knew we'd win because our second forward line would just tire them out, and it did."

"From then on, with three, then four interchangeable teams spelling each other, the game speeded up and it's immeasurably faster now than ever."

Cutting Down the Whistles

Again, a defenseman's job in the old days was to get the puck and hurl it up to the other end of the rink. When Lester stopped off at Brandon in the fall of 1903 and was persuaded to play hockey there—working in a laundry all day—he was expected to stay where he belonged, on the defensive as point. (The defense then consisted of the point and cover point, one in front of the other and the rover in front of them.) In the first game Lester rushed down the ice and scored and the local management rushed with similar speed into the dressing room and almost fired him for spoiling the team's strategy. After a few more goals it realized that Lester had something and allowed him to rush as he pleased.

Soon all the defenses began to rush until Art Duncan, a defenseman,



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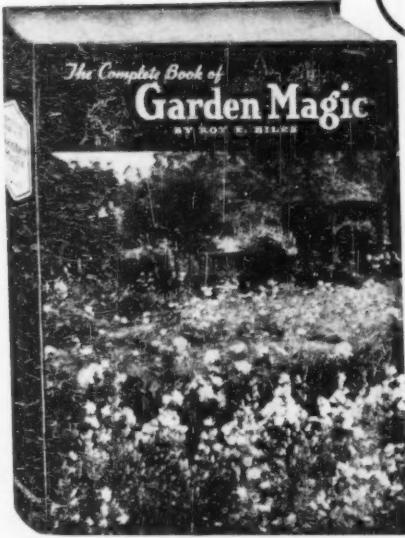
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became the leading scorer of the world champion Vancouver Maroons. That change of tactics also meant speed.

However, the biggest revolution in hockey, Lester thinks, was the Coast League's introduction of the blue lines and the forward pass in the season of 1913-14. Lester's brother Frank thought them up when he saw a game between Vancouver and Victoria interrupted every minute or so by an off-side whistle. At first the eastern leagues wouldn't hear of the new rule. Now, Lester asks, who would abandon it? This alone sped up the game about 50%, he says.

But in this revolution Lester is a little worried about modern stick-handling. "Now, with all this long and beautiful combination play, a man can get by without so much stickhandling. There are still some great stickhandlers, Edgar Laprade and the Bentley boys and Elmer Lach are as good as they came. But there aren't many of them." Here Lester paused, in a dangerous demonstration just in front of my goal, to wonder wistfully if stickhandling would become a lost art in 10 years or so.

There is a paradox here, or a law of diminishing returns. The hockey stars are no better than the originals of Lester's youth. Hockey is better because it is drilled and organized. The individual team is no better than it was, say 30 or 40 years ago, for an obvious reason: Where a few teams in the old days could assemble seven superstars in one uniform, there are so many teams today that the superstars are widely scattered, talent is spread thin.

These problems Lester understands by bitter experience. After he and his brother had established the Pacific Coast teams they set out to win the Stanley Cup. They had to do it on finances vastly inferior to those of the eastern teams which they raided for players, paying high salaries to lure such stars as Taylor westward. In such a process a man learns management as well as hockey.

In 1926 the Patrick empire, so glittering on the outside, had no negotiable asset but its teams. The game was expanding into the United States; Lester had the only teams ready to fill the American arenas and he knew it. So he waited and the eastern Mohammed, as he expected, came to the western mountain, desperate not for individual players but working hockey machines. The Patricks sold their playing property for a quarter of a million and cut the losses of their original investment to a round hundred thousand. They were glad to escape so easily for better than anyone they know how money can be lost when it is put on ice.

The Nine-Goal Collapse

Comparing present-day hockey with the past, Lester says, for example, that no better team than the Montreal Wanderers of 1905-06, 1906-07, and 1907-08 ever touched the ice, but he admits his old age and prejudice.

Everyone who pretends to know Canadian history remembers that the Wanderers, captained by Lester, won the first game of the 1905-06 Stanley Cup series by 9 to 1 in Montreal. At Ottawa three nights later the Wanderers quickly made it 10 to 1. And then came the strangest catastrophe in the annals of hockey—Ottawa scored 9 goals, one after the other, evening the score.

Young Captain Patrick saw his team fall to pieces before his eyes. He doesn't know to this day what happened to them. He remembers vaguely that he picked up a loose puck at his own goal, started down the ice and saw

the puck sail into the Ottawa net. He repeated a few minutes later.

That has been called the greatest single performance in a Stanley Cup series—a legend only second to the Cyclone's back-skating goal. Lester is old enough and scarred enough—50 inches of stitches on his skin—not to be boastful or overmodest. That famous game, he said, shows how hockey has improved. No modern team would let 9 goals past it in about 30 minutes, said Lester.

"And remember this," he added, pointing straight at the writer as a horrible example, "fellows like you, in middle age, look at modern hockey with disillusionment. Of course hockey doesn't look as good as it did when you were young and fancy-free. Neither does life. But the young find it just as exciting as you did before the shine wore off."

What about professionalism? Has it been good for hockey, good for the players, good for the kids and the public?

Lester took up a menacing stance on the blue line to defend the central goal of his life.

"Of course professionalism has been good. You couldn't have modern hockey without it. And without professionalism, which made the modern game possible, Canada couldn't have exported hockey to about 25 countries all over the world. Hockey could never have got this far—not just as a game, mind you, but as a big factor in Canadian life—without professionalism."

Patrick's Brother Act

Lester speaks as a professional player and manager, the most experienced in the business. But he had played a lot of amateur hockey before three telegrams reached him in Nelson, B.C., one day in November 1909, the first inviting him to play professionally for Ottawa, the second with the same invitation from Montreal and the third from Renfrew.

Lester's father, the late Joseph Patrick, was against professionalism, advised his son to stay in the lumber business with him.

The only lumber that really interested Lester was that used in hockey sticks. Being of age and, as he thought, in his right mind, he offered to play for Montreal for \$1,200 because he liked Montreal, asked \$1,500 from Ottawa because he wasn't attracted to it and as for Renfrew—who had ever heard of Renfrew? To make sure he wouldn't go there Lester asked \$3,000 which one would pay.

Within an hour back came a telegram from Renfrew asking him what he was waiting for. Lester put up one last defensive play—he would play for Renfrew if he could bring along his brother, Frank, at \$2,000. Renfrew wired the two Patricks to catch the first train.

That was how Lester became a professional, drawing a salary of \$300 a game.

Not long afterward Frank proposed to his father that he invest the proceeds of his lumber business, something under \$350,000, in a hockey league on the Pacific Coast. At a family conference called to consider all such decisions Lester voted against the venture. Yes, unbelievable as it seems, Lester voted against hockey. He thought it wouldn't pay. (He was right.) His father sided with Frank.

The rest is public history—the creation of the Pacific Coast league, the raid on eastern teams, the travels of the Stanley Cup from the East to Vancouver, Seattle and Victoria. Thus Lester knows professional hockey from

the ice and from the box office, where the game is even tougher.

Professionalism alone, he says, could provide the money needed to build rinks, to finance the training of young players, to make the teams, and the spectacle, which inspire every normal boy in Canada to play hockey.

"Look at it this way," says Lester. "When an amateur player sees a crowd that's paid \$10,000 to get into the rink and knows, if he's star, that they came to see him—well then, if he's normal, if he has a family to keep, he wants some of that money. Why not?"

"We give it to him openly. There is no subterfuge, nothing under the counter. To accept payment is as honorable in hockey as in any other business—and far, far better than the old system when kids were corrupted with secret subsidies and signed false affidavits, swearing they were amateurs when they were just dishonest professionals. That didn't make amateurs. It made Canadian boys into cheap crooks."

Lester's Night in Goal

But if amateurism means that a man's heart is in sport, that he plays for the love of it, then Patrick believes all the professionals are really amateurs.

"Look," says Lester again, crouching beside his fireplace to demonstrate some hard play before the nets, "you ask if players play for money. Sure, but incidentally. They'd play if their cheques were cut in half, because they'd rather play than do anything else."

"What price would you offer for my Rangers in the world series of 1928 when they were playing with old Ching Johnson in agony with a wrenched knee and three stitches in the face, Bill Cook with a Charley horse that almost crippled him, Bun Cook spiked in the heel, the main tendon almost severed, till we had to cut his boot off afterward because it was glued to his socks with blood, and Joe Miller cut between the eyes with a puck, disfigured and almost blind—how do you pay men to take that kind of punishment?"

"Or take Vezina of the Canadiens, whom many believe to be the best goal tender of all time. Do you think it was money kept him there in the nets, dying of tuberculosis, and knowing it, till they dragged him out in the middle of a game to die?"

"Call them pros, call them mercenaries, but in fact they're just grown-up kids who've learned on the creek or on the flooded corner lot that hockey is the greatest thrill in this life. I guess any professional hockey player worth his salt is really an amateur."

The classic illustration of his thesis, which Lester didn't mention until I brought it up, occurred, as everyone knows, in Montreal in 1928—perhaps the supreme moment of hockey, one of the major adventures in the history of sport and the apex of Lester's epic.

The story has been told a thousand times, will be told over and over again

to our grandchildren and need not be detailed here—Lorne Chabot is in goal for the New York Rangers; a puck knocks his eye out of its socket; he pushes it back in with his glove and falls, unconscious; the Montreal Maroon management and players refuse to allow anyone but a Ranger in goal, for the Stanley Cup is at stake; Frank Boucher finally suggests in desperation, "Well Lester, you'll have to go in, there's no one else"; Lester agrees reluctantly, though he is 44 years old and hasn't held a hockey stick in three seasons; he puts on Chabot's sweat-soaked clothes, holds the Maroons to one goal in 43 minutes and wins the world's championship again.

I asked Patrick next whether a boy who can play good hockey is wise to turn pro.

"In almost all cases, yes. He will earn \$7,000 minimum as a regular in the big league and if he's a star he'll get \$12,000 or more for a winter's work. Where else can a young fellow earn money like that?"

"In case parents have any doubt about it, I'd like you to put down that hockey players live a clean, hard, honest life. The old days of dissipation (which are exaggerated) are long past. You can't dissipate and play 70 games a winter. The boy learns a sense of discipline, he learns to play for the team, he becomes a social animal. With his money saved, and his character formed, he should be set for life. Of course I'd let my boy play pro hockey."

Of course, he did—two of them, Lynn and Murray, fine big-league players but neither the equal of the old man. And now it can be related that the worst moment in Lester's life was when Lynn first played for the Rangers. "Would he make good? Or was I just a foolish old father who was favoring his son?" Well, by the time the second season rolled around the boy was in high gear and on the way to superstardom. And I was harder on him than on any other player in my team."

A final question ended this first overtime game: Could big-time hockey survive in Canada against the American money which buys up Canadian players?

Yes, says Lester, hockey is safe in Canada. Places like Montreal and Toronto will always have their teams in the big leagues, first because they can afford it, second because American hockey magnates, however wealthy, will never eliminate the "international angle" which is good at the box office and attracts the American crowds by the glamour of hockey's origins on the ponds and rivers of the mysterious north. Anyway, most hockey players will always come from Canada because it has the climate and, more important, the tradition, to produce them.

The good hockey player is a strange and unique organism, very tough outside, very brittle and delicate inside, not the creature that the public imagines at all. What makes him so Lester will tell in the next article of this two-part series. ★



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NEXT ISSUE

JAIL THE DRUNKEN DRIVERS!

A Maclean's Survey by Fred Bodsworth

Here for the first time is a national report on what police chiefs now call "our number one social problem." You may even find yourself in this startling and well documented article.

MARCH 15 ISSUE

ON SALE MARCH 10

THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA

The Douks—B. C.'s Holy Terrorists

Continued from page 7

At the same time 20 Sons from the city of Grand Forks, to the south, were sentenced on a single day to a total of 127 years' imprisonment for fire raiding.

One of the most tragic and confusing aspects of the Doukhobor problem is that the great majority of the followers of this 300-year-old "religion" are peaceful and industrious citizens. Careless and misleading newspaper stories, however, have often given the whole group the label of its violent minority.

There are about 10,000 Doukhobors in British Columbia. For general purposes they can be split in three groups: (1) Five thousand members of the Union of Spiritual Communities of Christ; (2) 3,000 Independents integrated into the non-Doukhobor community; (3) 2,000 Sons of Freedom. Only the latter group causes any trouble, and within the 2,000 a mere 300 ringleaders are believed to have been able to convince their illiterate, superstitious following that the burnings and bombings are rightly done in the service of Christ.

(The Sons are so inconsistent they can label their terroristic acts the "work of the devil" while at the same time they maintain that "Christ willed it.")

Not only are most of the Douks law-abiding and industrious, they are also the greatest sufferers at the hands of the Sons of Freedom. The fanatics accuse their brethren of back-sliding, and, in 1947 for instance, went on a fire rampage destroying almost every building in the peaceful-Doukhobor village of Shoreacres.

Fires, dynamiting and nude parading have always been the pattern of the Sons of Freedom. Schools are their prime target. They refuse to allow their children to be educated because they see schools as simply training grounds for future soldiers. And pacifism is perhaps their deepest belief. Fifty-two Kootenay schools have been put to the torch since 1923, most of them completely destroyed.

But for various other fantastic reasons the Sons have also burned and dynamited houses, stores, community halls, flour and lumber mills, bridges, warehouses, canneries, loaded boxcars, factories and even a business block and a hospital.

Guards at the Bridges

The Krestova home of John Lebedov, himself a prominent Son of Freedom, was burned because John had taken unto himself three wives and two typewriters, one English and one Russian. That, the Sons ruled, made John's home brothel and a parliament—and the Sons are against both.

A provincial police constable was tipped off before Lebedov's home was burned. When he arrived in Krestova a crowd of 200 Sons was milling about the house. Four of them, including a man named George Barisov, were stark naked.

"Who's going to do this, George?" the constable asked.

"Us who are disrobed," said George.

"Whereupon," the constable recalls, "nearly all of them disrobed and burned the house down . . . I sent 13 up for that." One of the 13 was George Barisov, who was sentenced to seven years.

Now John Lebedov has four wives, and who should the fourth wife be but Grace Barisov, wife of George. And, according to John and Grace, George

is happy about this marital arrangement. What will happen when he is freed? "As God wills," says Grace, but she thinks George will join "the family."

In November last year the Sons switched their attack to the non-Doukhobor community by making three dynamite assaults on the right-of-way of the Canadian Pacific's Kettle Valley railway. The Kettle Valley line runs through the heart of Doukhobor country on its way from Medicine Hat to Vancouver.

The last of the railway blasts ripped a six-foot gap in the right-of-way on a dangerous blind curve three miles west of Nelson, major city of the Kootenays. Just six minutes earlier a freight train had rumbled safely over the spot.

For railroading Nelson this was cutting things too fine. Trainmen voted not to go out on their runs unless extra police were brought in to guard every bridge, day and night. The Nelson Board of Trade, long an advocate of violent action to tame the terrorists, wired the federal and provincial governments: "Undesirable local action will be taken if responsible authorities do not act at once."

Clearly the Board of Trade meant vigilante action. The Nelson Daily News, in reporting the meeting, quoted one speaker (unnamed because he feared reprisals) as saying, "This has got to end. If we have to get out and guard the bridges ourselves and shoot a couple of them, let's do it."

The Provincial Government, which seldom faces up to the Doukhobor problem until a crisis arises, flew police reinforcements into the Kootenays. With them they brought tear gas. "We anticipated vigilante outbreaks," a sergeant told me. The RCMP contributed 10 special investigators. Bridges were guarded, the trains ran, and, for the time being, the citizens of Nelson were placated.

Together the Provincial and Federal Governments appointed Provincial Police Commissioner John Shirras and Col. F. J. Mead, former Deputy Commissioner of the RCMP, to study the problem and to recommend a possible solution.

As a result of their study, three Sons of Freedom leaders were arrested in late January on charges covering violence, dynamiting and arson. The three were John Lebedov, he of the many wives; Michael ("The Archangel") Verigin, leader of a radical Doukhobor colony at Hilliers on Vancouver Island, and Joe Podovinikov, the "Archangel's" secretary.

The offenses with which they were charged dated back to 1946 and 1947. Among them was "encouraging them (Doukhobors) to assemble when nude in a public place, whether alone or in public . . . and . . . encouraging and agreeing to commit adultery and share husbands and wives."

Further recommendations of Col. Mead and Commissioner Shirras had not been published at the time of writing but it was believed that one

outcome might be the exiling of several hundred Sons of Freedom to "rehabilitation centres" in remote sections of the province. Also, children of these fanatics would be taken from their parents and an attempt made to educate them out of their strange beliefs. Special legislation—a seditious communities act—was also envisaged.

A surprising development has been taking place within Sons of Freedom ranks. Many arsonists, protected for years by strict secrecy, are trudging through snow to provincial police offices in Nelson to confess their crimes and, as they put it, "to repent and to ask forgiveness."

In the same spirit more than 100 Sons from all over the Kootenays gathered in Krestova late in December for the express purpose of assuring Commissioner Shirras that the "black work" was at an end. In making the pledge the Sons kneeled and bowed their heads to the floor. When Shirras and his retinue had departed a woman demanded of the others, "Why did you grovel before the bulls?"

Tampering With a Tomb

In spite of the validity of the confessions police are sceptical of the Sons' peace pledge for they know the Sons are as inconsistent as they are fanatical and they have the unfortunate case of Peter Swetlishkov to prove it.

It was Swetlishkov, a 38-year-old Saskatchewan-born Son of Freedom, latterly of Krestova, who really began the present trend toward confession in October 1947. Voluntarily he came before a Royal Commission enquiring into Doukhobor affairs and disclosed that since 1929 he had participated in 25 acts of vandalism in Saskatchewan and British Columbia.

The biggest job Swetlishkov confessed to was the bombing in 1943 of a \$150,000 jam factory at Brilliant, a peaceful Doukhobor settlement near Krestova. The plant, which had been seized for debt by the Provincial Government, was completely destroyed. Police were never able to pin the job on anyone.

In what was obviously a sincere, but premature, speech to the Royal Commissioner Judge Harry Sullivan, Swetlishkov said, ". . . the day of repentance is here."

But Easter Sunday, 1949, found Peter Swetlishkov out on another dynamiting job, again at Brilliant. As had been done at least eight times before by Sons of Freedom, Swetlishkov and four accomplices dynamited the tomb of Peter ("The Lordly") Verigin and of his son, Peter ("The Purger") Verigin. The tomb, once an impressive monument to the two dead Doukhobor leaders, has been blasted so often it is now nothing but a reinforced concrete slab. The Sons blow up the tomb because "our ancestors destroyed the pagan idols and images."

(Peter, "the Lordly," Verigin was the leader of almost all Doukhobors in Russia and, later, in Canada after their

migration here in 1899. They believed he was Christ and that mantle fell also on his obscene, grafting, hard-drinking and poker-playing son, the self-styled "Peter the Purger.")

A week after bombing the tomb Swetlishkov and two other Sons used dynamite and beer bottles filled with gasoline to completely destroy a brand-new \$85,000 school at Tarrys, near Nelson, the night before it was to open.

Swetlishkov hid out for more than two weeks, then Sons of Freedom informed police he would surrender. By arrangement, Constable Walter Martin waited by a bridge near Krestova while 100 Sons prayed in that strange village before the sacred bread, water and salt (spilling the water on a table to "chase away the devils"). Then, singing mournful Russian hymns, they marched up to Martin and handed over Swetlishkov.

Charged with destroying the jam factory, the Verigin tomb and the Tarrys school, Swetlishkov was convicted on all counts. Seven other Sons, who had been arrested as his accomplices, were also found guilty on one or more of the charges.

Mr. Justice A. M. Manson, of Vancouver, who presided at the trials, had once given a Doukhobor life for arson. In Nelson, where these trials were held, people expected him to impose heavy sentences. But, instead, he tried what the Nelson Daily News described as a new "tactic of mercy and understanding (to solve) a vexing problem where force and imprisonment have proven futile"

Two of the arsonists, Anton Kolesnikov, who helped destroy the jam factory, and Paul Popov, who bombed the tomb, were freed on five-year suspended sentences. The others, including Swetlishkov, were remanded a whole year, till May, 1950, for sentence.

The futility of imprisoning the Sons of Freedom must naturally have been obvious to the judge. Over the years hundreds have been jailed and yet the problem remains unsolved. The fact is, imprisonment of the fanatics has usually touched off a bizarre chain reaction, which, during one outburst of nudism, forced the government to construct a special Doukhobor penitentiary. This happened in 1932.

Peter Verigin, a chronic liar, had been jailed in Saskatchewan for perjury. In the Kootenays Sons of Freedom staged a nude parade in protest and were promptly arrested. In retaliation more fanatics disrobed. They, too, were arrested. So it continued until eventually the authorities had 600 convicted nudists on their hands and nowhere to put them. Hastily a penitentiary was built on a small Pacific Island. This was Piers Island Penitentiary, off Sidney, Vancouver Island.

Apart from the futility of imprisoning the Sons Mr. Justice Manson had a more positive idea in mind when he freed Kolesnikov and Popov: he expected them to go among the Sons to agitate for peace and to persuade other arsonists to confess.

The present stream of confessions and the Krestova peace pledge are the first practical results of Kolesnikov's and Popov's missionary work. Yet, less than a month after the Krestova pledge was made, three Sons of Freedom from the Kootenays were arrested on Vancouver Island and charged with conspiracy. Police believed they were planning to set fire to the Archangel Mike's colony at Hillier.

This colony, founded in 1946 by Doukhobors mainly from Krestova, is another weird offshoot of Sons of Freedom fanaticism. There 180 Doukhobors live in true communal bliss,

NEXT ISSUE

John Fisher, Our All-Canadian Boy

By June Callwood

Here's the lively backstage story of one of Canada's best-known broadcasters — a man who's fallen in love with the maple leaf and gets invited to 2,000 free meals every year.

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ON SALE MARCH 10

sharing everything, including husbands and wives.

Mike Verigin (no relation to the other Verigins) is almost a dead ringer for Oliver Hardy of the comedy team, Laurel and Hardy. Among the Sons of Freedom Mike has long been known as "the Archangel." Archangel or not, he is known to Judge Harry Sullivan as the "illiterate former owner-operator of a boardinghouse of ill repute at Vancouver." That's how Judge Sullivan describes Mike in his Royal Commission report.

At Sons of Freedom trials, as well as before Judge Sullivan, Mike Verigin has several times been accused of being the evil genius behind the terrorism. He has steadfastly denied inspiring or taking part in any acts of terrorism.

How did the Sons of Freedom get started on their terror tactics? What are their roots and their beliefs?

Their story really begins in 17th-century Russia when Archbishop Nikon provoked a religious controversy and a great schism in the Russian Orthodox Church by introducing a "reformed" prayer book. The Doukhobors (or "Spirit Wrestlers") were one of the many dissenting sects to emerge from the controversy.

They believed that each man should be guided by the "voice of God within." Priests, ritual and external sacraments were considered barriers between God and man. They refused to recognize the authority of state or church.

Today the Sons of Freedom say, "We can serve only one master, who is our Father in Heaven . . . We are not citizens of any country in this world and we are not the subjects of any earthly king. We abide by only one law, as expounded by our teacher, Jesus Christ." So the Sons do not pay taxes, register births, deaths or marriages or even recognize the authority of the judges who jail them.

Split and Split Again

From the beginning the Doukhobors refused steadfastly to bear arms because the Lord commands, "Thou shalt not kill." When flogged by the Cossacks they turned the other cheek.

This refusal to serve militarism is the one important belief of an elastic creed that has remained constant with all Doukhobors throughout their 300-year history. The original Doukhobor settlers were guaranteed military exemption for themselves and their descendants by the Canadian Government. In both wars they were exempt from conscription.

Modern Doukhobor history begins with the ascension to leadership in 1886 of Peter Vasilovich Verigin. From Siberian exile he issued a decree that reverberates in the Kootenays today, though in a perverse way he never intended. This was his order that on Peter's Day (June 29) 1895 every rifle, scimitar, sword and long knife owned by a Doukhobor should be burned. In great fires the weapons were burned.

Inflamed Cossacks retaliated with fearful brutality and the Doukhobors were driven to their last Russian exile in the Caucasian Mountains. A campaign, headed by novelist Leo Tolstoy, who saw in the Doukhobors "the resurrection of Christ Himself," forced Czar Nicholas II to grant them permission to migrate to Canada.

In four groups 7,000 Doukhobors arrived in Canada in 1899. They settled in three colonies on 270,480 acres of Saskatchewan homestead land and tried to fashion a communal society. Soon they split into three factions: independents, who opposed communal ownership; orthodox or community Doukhobors; and the radical sons of God (now Sons of Freedom).

Because they refused to sign individually for their land and also to take an oath of allegiance to the crown most of the Doukhobors lost title to their farms. "Swear allegiance and they will put you in the army," they counseled one another. (A thousand Independents signed, kept their land.)

So in 1909 Peter "the Lordly," who had arrived in Canada late in 1902, led his true believers on a new exodus to British Columbia, where they set about buying land outright so that they would not have to swear allegiance.

In B.C. the sect began to split again as orthodox Doukhobors settled down, worked hard, began to slip into Canadianism. At the height of their prosperity communally owned property was worth \$3 millions.

Then, on October 29, 1924, Peter "the Lordly" was killed in the mysterious and still unsolved bombing of a CPR day coach near Farron, 56 miles east of Nelson. Eight others, including a member of the provincial legislature, died with him. (The Sons of Freedom maintain that Peter was murdered by a harsh government.)

Three years later his son, Peter Petrovich, arrived in Canada and, as the new leader, proceeded to undermine the sect spiritually and financially. Since his death at 53 in Saskatoon in 1939 the Doukhobors have had no generally recognized leader.

From out of the welter of sensational reports of nude parading of men and women, wholesale arson and railway dynamiting that come to mind whenever the word "Douks" is mentioned, comes the sane and sensible voice of the leader of the major Doukhobor group, the Union of Spiritual Communities of Christ. It is the voice of John J. Verigin, 27, nephew by blood and grandson by adoption of "Peter the Purger."

From his group's headquarters at Brilliant, John Verigin stated: "We have to suffer under the stigma of this terrorism which is attributed to us under the name 'Doukhobor.' But that's not all. We are not only accused unjustly of being responsible for this terrorism, but it is we who have suffered the greatest financial loss. Our factory, our meeting halls, our library and our homes have been destroyed by these crazy fanatics."

Tears come to the eyes of old John Bloodood, of Brilliant, when he says, "At 13 I was hitched to a plow in Saskatchewan. All my life I have worked hard. Now I am being associated with bandits. It is heartbreaking."

What does the future hold for the Doukhobors? For the orthodox it most likely holds eventual assimilation over a long period into the general social and economic life of the community around them. (During the depression they abandoned communal living.) And as orthodox Doukhobors tend to become Independents, assimilation of the Independents is apt also to progress to a greater degree. Undoubtedly, the last test of their faith to be relinquished will be their pacifism, if indeed it is ever relinquished.

The future of the Sons of Freedom must be determined for them by the government. Everyone agrees that the final solution lies in education, but how to educate them when they refuse to send their children to school and, in fact, burn down the schools?

One answer may be to corral their leaders.

Royal Commissioner Harry Sullivan concluded that Sons of Freedom terrorism was due in part to ". . . the work of certain agitators who prey upon their simple, credulous countrymen for power or money, or perhaps both."

Would banishing these agitators put out the fires, or set new ones? ★



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Mailbag

Continued from page 3

Questions the "Greats"

It is interesting to note (Jan. 1) that on a list compiled by an American professor and chancellor four of the ten greatest are Americans.

How on earth can Hutchins, representing the finest cultural university in America, see Mrs. Roosevelt as one of the greatest? She is only famous and there are at least 30 people in Hollywood alone more famous than she. Almost each of the people has an equal great. For example Lloyd George did in World War I what Churchill did in the second. Ford has his equal in several American and world inventors. Lenin introduced a doctrine of significance, but Hitler and Mussolini did also. Freud contributed what many medical people have surpassed in achievement.

A more favorable representation of greatness would be to select the 10 greatest countries in the world and have a selection of a great from each of those countries.—Stan Obodiac, Yorkton, Sask.

Fighting Intolerance

At its last meeting the national public affairs committee of the National Council of the YWCA discussed at some length the articles which your magazine has been printing which are helping to give Canadians an understanding of themselves, and particularly of the minority groups within the country. We mentioned the following articles:

- Jan. 15, 1948—"A Quebecer Speaks Out."
- Feb. 1, 1948—"They're Only Japs."
- Mar. 15, 1948—"Are Canadians Tolerant?"
- June 1, 1948—"We Can't Go Back."
- Nov. 1, 1948—"No Jews Need Apply."
- May 15, 1949—"A Canuck from Canton."

And the most recent article in the Nov. 1 issue, written by Sydney Katz on Dresden.

Our committee wishes to commend you for the high calibre of these articles and for the contribution they are making to Canadian life. We wonder whether there is any possibility of having these articles reprinted in a booklet form?—Agnes Roy, Asst. Executive Director, National Council of the YWCA, Toronto.

Such a reprint will be considered if enough readers are interested.—The Editors.

"Sentimental Vaporings"

I am an appreciative reader of Maclean's but beg to take exception to Miss Wuorio's "Most Beautiful Ambassador in the World" (Dec. 1). When the tyrannical British took charge of India they found there some playful customs that did not seem to appeal to them, such as swinging back and

forth through the air from hooks through the back and throwing themselves under the chariot wheels of the hideous Juggernaut. These amusements were quickly prohibited. Before the British took over the ambassador would have been burned on the funeral pyre of her husband and probably before that the beautiful daughter would have been thrown to the crocodiles in the sacred Ganges. Such sentimental vaporings make me sick.—N. S. Greelman, Middle Musquodoboit, N.S.

Jets Pleased Him

That article by Gerald Anglin on "Our All-Out Gamble for Jet Supremacy" (Dec. 1) was one of the best ever printed in Maclean's.

How about a good story on Joe Klukay of the Leafs or all of the line that he's on—Bentley, Timgren, and Klukay, Sam Blakely, Botha, Alta.

Take Your Choice

In the quiz "City Stickers" (Nov. 15) you say the inhabitants of Liverpool are known as "Liverpudlians." As a native of Merseyside I wish to question that. The citizens of Liver-



pool do not seem to have decided what is their proper name but call themselves Liverpudlians, Liverpublians, Liverpolitans and Lerpoltians. They are also known as "Ricky Sams."—Miss J. T. Doyle, Wallasey, England.

Canadians Are Gentlemen

Do you remember an article in your magazine about the reporter who went back to France and some war memories ("On the Beach, a Bitter Ghost," Sept. 1)?

I still write to a young French girl in Caen and I told her what I read about the people of Caen who said: "Canadians are not welcomed back here" or something like that. She answered me, "The people who said such outrageous things against you Canadians don't deserve to be helped by you good people, and if they did say such things they mistook the Canadians for the English soldier. They often speak about you Canadians at home and they still say that you are smart and gentlemen."—Ex-Corp. Alfred Racine, St. Honoré de Shenley, Que. ★

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INSIST ON THE GENUINE

E. P. Taylor and His Empire

Continued from page 12

stock of several companies. For example, it holds 3/10 of the stock of Standard Chemical (Javex, Goderich Salt, etc.), giving it effective control of this company. Standard Chemical, in turn, owns the largest single piece (9/20) of Dominion Tar and Chemical (Sifto Salt, Ace-Tex, Fiberglas, Donnacona board, etc.). Thus Taylor virtually controls Dominion Tar, a \$20 million company, though his personal interest in the voting stock amounts to only about 4%. He owns none of the preferred stock which totals \$7 millions but carries no votes.

Obviously, if the companies failed to prosper under the direction of Taylor and his group, he could be unseated by anyone energetic and able enough to rally the minority stockholders or corner a larger block of voting shares. So far this hasn't happened, although Taylor himself used this method of getting his foot in the door at Dominion Tar and at Massey-Harris, nine of whose 16 directors vote the way Taylor does.

In the winter of 1945-46 Taylor, through Argus, quietly bought up 55,000 preferred shares of Massey-Harris. These had no vote, but a long-standing company by-law said that, up to a certain date, they could be converted into double the number of voting shares. With one minute to go before deadline Argus converted, gaining 110,000 votes in the company. Taylor's group continued to buy in the open market and now has effective control through a third of the Massey-Harris common stock.

Trading Paper for Paper

Taylor showed his mettle in both these deals by snatching the reins away from J. Harry Gundy, onetime associate and confidant of Sir Herbert Holt.

Taylor recently described his method of controlling new large companies by the merger of older, smaller ones as "trading pieces of paper for other pieces of paper." This is essentially what he did in 1930 when he began the merger of 20 Ontario breweries and built the cornerstone of his complicated pyramid empire.

He was 29 years old, a partner in the bond house of McLeod, Young, Weir and Co. Ltd., Toronto, and a director of his family's Brading's Brewery in Ottawa. This was one of the few breweries making money in beerless Ontario through sales to taverns in Hull, Que.

Taylor figured a merger would cut down duplication and cut-throat competition and put the business on a sounder basis. He got options to buy on four breweries (including Brading's). He had no big money and planned to pay in stock in his new holding company, Brewing Corporation of Ontario (now Canadian Breweries). Two people balked and asked for cash as well as stock and Taylor was momentarily stymied.

But he convinced an American promoter, Clark Jennison, who was also planning a brewery merger, to join forces with him. Jennison had no money either, but he'd raised \$750,000 in England to merge some breweries in Northern Ontario. Instead he helped finance Taylor's Southern Ontario merger. A few months later Taylor traded stock for five more breweries. The same year he bought control of Carling's in London, Ont.

He has a saying: "I never buy into a company unless I think it's selling cheap." Control of Carling's was

going cheap. It had been in the hands of a syndicate who had made so much money (\$5 million gross in one year) shipping beer to "dry" Detroit that they decided to build the Dominion Square Building in Montreal. This project was so costly that it forced them to mortgage their brewery stock. The Dominion Bank was glad to sell it to Taylor for \$600,000.

It is a tribute to Taylor's powers of salesmanship and finance that he was able to do all this when the industry was at rock bottom. Shares in his company sold as low as 25 cents. At times there was no cash at all on hand. According to one legend Taylor juggled cheques between two bank accounts in Ottawa and Toronto to meet wage payments. Taylor shudders at mention of this today and says with a grin, "Let's just call it a period of hectic finance."

Glasgow Had the Capital

It was hectic indeed. One day a foreman at Dominion brewery tried to order \$3 worth of hose. The rubber company refused delivery until a bill for \$17 had been met. The brewery couldn't pay it.

Yet Taylor, in 1933, was quietly buying up shares in the Cosgrave brewery, one of Toronto's oldest. Once he hopped on a boat for England and was back in three weeks with half a million dollars. He found it easier to raise money in London and Glasgow, where brewing had always been sound, than in Canada which had seen varying shades of prohibition since 1917.

Taylor astonished British financiers with his grasp of figures. Once he sent over voluminous statistics which the British experts spent a month digesting only to have Taylor arrive on the scene and correct them on small points out of his head.

In October 1933 James Cosgrave woke up to find Taylor had 35% of the stock and control of his brewery. By 1934 Taylor had given holding company shares for the rest of it.

Now he cast his eye on O'Keefe's, one of the biggest plums in the industry. He knew he'd have to pay some cash for this one but hoped to repeat his tactic with Cosgrave by buying up a large slice of the stock, then persuading minority holders to accept shares in the new company. But others got wind of this, demanded hard cash and Taylor found he had to raise \$2,074,000—a figure he says he's not likely to forget. He did this in a matter of weeks by floating more stock and bond issues mainly in England.

Both Feet Into Soft Drink

Meanwhile, he helped persuade the Henry Conservative Government and the Hepburn Liberal Opposition to promise beverage rooms in the 1934 election. Hepburn won the election and beer went on sale. Taylor was out of the woods.

He now set about making the beer business respectable. Until this time beer had been sold largely by "runners" who got a percentage rake-off from peddling beer to bootleggers. Taylor fired them and brought in a new type of salesman, keen young white-collar men with orders to become community leaders, join Kiwanis and Rotary, and help out in local charities and drives.

He set about reducing the number of brands until now there are six where once there were more than 100. Old beer drinkers still curse him for killing off unprofitable brews such as Brown October Ale and Dominion No. 1 which had to be rocked mechanically for six months.

Taylor merged some breweries within the larger merger, closing down others. He was salesman, ad manager and director all rolled into one. He traveled from brewery to brewery in an old Packard sedan fitted as an office. He developed an expert's taste in beer and in blind tests could spot his own from rival brews. He worked in his office to 7 p.m. and left with a brief case stuffed with papers.

Then he moved into soft drinks. Canadian Orange Crush was selling cheap (\$4,300,000 of stock at par value for \$43,000) so Taylor bought it as a vehicle for the ginger ale business he acquired with the breweries. The next day a process server walked into his office with a summons. Honey Dew, an Orange Crush subsidiary, was suing its parent for \$4 millions on a complicated legal point. Taylor walked uninvited into a Honey Dew board meeting. He wanted no part of the food business and intended to sell out. Instead the directors talked him into taking the chair as vice-president. Two days later the ailing president died and Taylor was boss.

He plunged with both feet into the soft drink business. He put in a pension plan for employees, cut the time of the rambling, discursive board meetings in half, and divorced Honey Dew from the parent soft drink company.

As president he was one of two men who held the secret of Honey Dew's formula (discovered by accident by a horse handicapper and roller rink operator named Red Ryan). Periodically Taylor donned overalls and mixed up the red fluid which goes into the orange juice to give the drink its particular quality.

The old - fashioned, white - tiled, orange-lighted Honey Dew shops were all but out of business when Taylor took over. Taylor, who believes the interior and exterior of every retail outlet should be changed every seven years, closed them up one by one. He reopened them on better, cheaper locations in a new fancy dress which eliminated the station washroom effect.

The first of the new stores in Toronto made well over \$1,000 profit in a month. Taylor knew he had a winner. Honey Dew became the core of the food empire he built up during and after the war. He now has well over 100 retail stores of various kinds (not including the Dominion chain stores).

Taylor went to Ottawa in 1940 as Canada's youngest dollar-a-year man. He was C. D. Howe's deputy in Washington where he helped prepare figures for the Hyde Park Agreement and later went to England at Churchill's request, ending up as director general of the British Ministry of Supply Mission to Washington.

He lunched with Churchill and Beaverbrook, was torpedoed, floated nine hours in mid-Atlantic without his pants, traveled on the maiden voyage of the battleship King George V, saw the first top-secret Sherman tank demonstrated, and was categorized as a bishop for mess privileges in Admiralty wardrooms. He managed to keep a close eye on his expanding industrial empire by flying home every second week end and working Sundays.

A Chemical Boom Predicted

He tangled early in the war with Mackenzie King over the latter's 1941 radio speech regarding the curtailment of beer drinking and beer advertising. (Taylor had started New World picture magazine—which he published from Quebec—though it was printed in Toronto—to beat the Ontario government's ban on beer advertising.) Taylor, in a letter to the Ottawa Journal (with which rival brewers Dawes and Molson quickly disassociated themselves), called King's move "un-British and therefore undemocratic." Taylor, who reads everything from the Daily Racing Form to Hansard, won't look at the Saturday Evening Post because it doesn't take beer advertising. Some think his outburst against King (Taylor is still a Liberal) delayed his CMG award which he did not receive until 1945.



I solemnly swear.



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By war's end Taylor was already looking ahead. (In 1944 he promoted 16 separate enterprises totaling \$25 million.) He developed the fledgling Canadian soybean market, estimating correctly that vegetable oils were the coming thing, and opened his \$2 million Victory Mills in Toronto in 1946. The company has since quadrupled in size and he now dominates the industry. His fans use this as an example of his constructive enterprise. Most Canadian margarine is made from Victory Mills oils.

Honey Dew became Canadian Food Products and had by this time acquired a string of cafeterias, bakeries and chocolate companies (including Willard's, which Taylor got for \$1 million). Told that Suchard was one of the world's two best chocolate companies Taylor hopped to Switzerland and got Canadian rights.

Taylor, who believes the next decade will see a boom in the use of new chemical products, bought into two chemical companies. He also bought up U. S. Orange Crush for \$5 million, thus controlling world-wide sale of the beverage.

All this went on when many businessmen were talking about postwar recession and the need for consolidation. Taylor's enterprises were considered shaky and his position is still not universally accepted as secure on Bay Street. Despite the fact that Canadian Breweries stock has twice been listed by The Financial Post as one of the 20 most popular its last two bond issues have moved comparatively slowly.

Many businessmen cast a jaundiced eye at Taylor's giant Argus Corporation. Unlike most big investment trusts, which buy small quantities of many stocks to spread their risk, Argus buys big wedges of a few companies. Taylor and his associates lumped their private holdings into Argus when the company was formed near the peak of the market a few months after Hiroshima. They then sold Argus stock to the public, mainly nonvoting preferred.

Taylor's critics say this was simply a shrewd way of liquidating some of his stock when its price was high and still retaining control (through the publicly financed Argus). Taylor says: "The whole idea was simply to get out of debt."

Argus has been useful to Taylor in many ways. When Orange Crush was foundering in 1948 Argus pumped \$1 million in it to keep it afloat. Most of the other Argus companies have done well financially—a speculator buying one share of each at their lowest price in 1949 would have got about 8% on his money in dividends—but Argus, which sold to the public at \$10 a share in 1945, is now selling at only \$7.50. And an investor buying one share of each Argus Company at its high in 1945 and selling at its high in 1949 would have lost \$5.

At the same time that Argus was forming Taylor formed a private financing company, Taylor, McDougald. This is useful to him in many ways. It can, for example, hold additional shares in a company in which Taylor has an interest through Argus. As Taylor, McDougald is a private company this interest isn't known. It is also equipped to handle mergers.

In 1948 it raised the money for the purchase of the 10 logging and milling companies which became B. C. Forest Products (Argus bought a block of the stock).

One deal illustrates how control of a company can be secured for very little cash. In 1947, on the spur of the moment, Taylor, McDougald engineered the purchase of the Stovel

Company (National Home Monthly) for a little more than \$1 million. They planned to raise this entire sum through an issue of bonds and non-voting stock—retaining all the voting shares. In this case the preferred didn't sell and Taylor, McDougald had to purchase some of it. But if the deal had gone through as planned they would have got 124,000-odd common shares in Stovel for virtually nothing. Taylor, who doesn't believe he should be in publishing, takes little part in the running of Stovel publications.

Taylor, McDougald also acts like a scout for a ball team. Taylor is continually looking for "growth situations" and uses this company to check a variety of enterprises. A short time ago a man came to it with a plan for a \$100,000 frog farm.

The two princes to the Taylor throne are J. A. ("Bud") McDougald and M. W. ("Wally") McCutcheon who are his partners in Taylor, McDougald. Heir apparent to the throne is McDougald, 38, dark and squarely built, a rich man's son with an Upper Canada College and private tutor background and a liking for Savile Row suits, monogrammed pocket handkerchiefs and Rolls Royce cars.

It is McDougald's belief that a successful businessman is fated to be disliked by his own kind. "When they start to say nice things about you, then I'll know you're slipping," he told Taylor recently.

Who Wields the Big Axe?

McCutcheon, a 43-year-old ex-lawyer, tense and dynamic, has lately taken Taylor's place, along with McDougald, on the boards of several companies. In some quarters he's reckoned as a Taylor axeman. "Fired the whole damn lot yesterday" an acquaintance remembers him saying of the office staff of an Argus company. "It's good to have new brooms to sweep clean."

Taylor's close associates include tall, brisk Lt.-Col. W. Eric Phillips, a brother-in-law of McDougald, who made himself a millionaire in the glass business and is a major stockholder in Argus; J. S. ("Jimmy") Duncan, the cosmopolitan, efficient president of Massey-Harris; and J. William Horsey, the stocky orange juice king who started as a truck driver for Fleischmann's Yeast. Taylor bought a block of Dominion Store stock at Horsey's request after Horsey put the chain on a paying basis. Now Horsey runs Orange Crush for Taylor.

This inter-tycoon relationship can be useful. For example, in 1946 Taylor, McDougald persuaded Purity Flour Mills Ltd. it would be wise to sell its five subsidiary bakeries, a decision that was rendered easier by the fact that both McDougald and McCutcheon were on the Purity Board (and still are). Taylor, McDougald bought the companies and in turn sold them to Horsey who turned them into General Bakeries (in which Argus has a small interest). From this transaction Taylor, McDougald made a profit of \$106,000.

Taylor uses three yardsticks in picking his men. They are: (1) Energy. Taylor believes you're born with it, can't get it out of vitamin pills. (2) Ability to get along with others. A genius, says Taylor, is more trouble

than he's worth. (3) Judgment. You get that by making mistakes. Taylor requires 100% efficiency in his top men, but once said he wouldn't get ulcers if his minor executives were only 80% efficient.

With skilled lieutenants acting as his watchdogs and deputies Taylor might be expected to sit back and take things easy. His doctor has urged him to slow down and Taylor has promised to do so. Thus far he hasn't. He still covers 100,000 miles a year and only manages to spend 10 days a month home in Toronto on his 600-acre estate, "Windfields," on Bayview Avenue. Here he has a five-room office cottage, complete with bar, waiting room, living quarters for a secretary and switchboard open from 9 a.m. to midnight.

At the Vanderbilt Level

A typical month's routine sees Taylor flying to Cleveland headquarters of his Brewing Corporation of America (fifth largest in the U. S.), thence to New York, on up to Montreal where he has a private office and apartment in the Ritz-Carlton, and back to Toronto again. His downtown Toronto offices are alerted in advance of his arrival and executives stand ready to make reports at trip-hammer speed at 15-minute intervals.

In New York Taylor travels at the Vanderbilt level, operating from an eight-room suite in Carleton House.

Here he sees a good deal of U. S. magnate Floyd Odum whose Atlas Corp. is the prototype of Argus. (An Atlas vice-president, Roger Gilbert, sits on the Argus board.) Taylor and Odum are much alike. Neither has paid great attention to the financial wiseacres.

"Do you know what we're going to do, Eddie?" Odum said to Taylor one day. "We're going to get the best goddam financial expert money can buy. We'll pay him \$100,000 a year if necessary. We'll ask his advice on every deal we make. And when he says 'sell,' we'll buy. When he says 'buy,' we'll sell." Taylor, in his turn, has remarked that if you listened to all the advice the lawyers gave you'd never get anywhere.

To the grey experts who in the 1930's called him a foolhardy upstart and in the 1940's whispered he was riding for a fall the maddening thing is that Taylor, at 49, still has a long way to go. One of his many college nicknames was "Dashing Ed" and he is still a man who hates to stand still.

"When the going's tough I like it," he says. "I lose interest in a business situation when it begins to run smoothly."

With his empire running smoothly what new schemes are buzzing under Taylor's tycoon size (7 1/4) homburg? This month it was common gossip on Bay Street that he was moving into Vancouver Breweries on the coast and Drewry's in Winnipeg. Taylor himself, never one to play his cards at arm's length, grinned a "no comment." But what he did say pretty well summed up the lively story of his life:

"One of these days something is going to turn up and I'll get interested and then there'll be another job to do."

This was the second of two parts on Mr. Taylor. ★

GIVE TO THE RED CROSS

Is the H-Bomb the Answer?

Continued from page 11

enough. The McMahon Act is too cramping.

For the first year of operation of the act it was interpreted so narrowly that the British, who'd brought with them the greater part of the basic research that made possible the atomic bomb in 1945, found they couldn't get answers to small technical problems that delayed their own postwar atomic program. In January, 1948, an unofficial agreement was worked out which eased things a little, allowed a limited exchange of otherwise secret material among the three partner nations. But this didn't really satisfy anybody. British and Canadians felt it was too far short of a real sharing of information. American scientists were uneasy because it went so far beyond the strict letter of the McMahon Act. All the partners are now ready to drop it.

Congress Sits on the Lid

If all the scientists want fuller co-operation, why don't we have it? Because it needs a change in the law, and that's up to the U. S. Congress. The issue may come up at the current session.

Senator Brien McMahon himself, the chief author and sponsor of the present act, is an able, broad-minded man in full sympathy with the scientists who regard him as a pillar of their cause. He himself never intended the restrictive and penal provisions of his act to be permanent. When they were drafted there was still a real hope for international control; the act itself provides that whenever such control is established, the extraordinary secrecy precautions will melt away. Now the situation has changed. Senator McMahon himself will probably sponsor the needed amendments of his own act.

Unhappily, there is ample evidence that not all Congressmen are as enlightened as he.

Last year a small jar of sweepings off a machine-shop floor, containing 12 ounces of uranium oxide enriched with uranium-235, was mislaid at a Chicago laboratory. It was later found in a trash dump, and all but four grams (about one-seventh of an ounce) of the precious U-235 recovered—only a very strict and very efficient accounting system could have detected such a minute loss in the first place.

From the fuss you'd have thought a scale model of the atomic bomb had been delivered to the Kremlin. Senator Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa made it a major item in his charge of "incredible mismanagement" by Chairman Lilienthal and the Atomic Energy Commission.

Hysteria is most marked, and seems to have most effect on the Atomic Energy Commission itself, in the field of "personnel security"—the "screening" of workers to sift out all who might have Communist leanings. This was another of Senator Hickenlooper's major points. The committee found Hickenlooper's charges had no foundation but the argument turned up some odd facts.

The dismaying thing it revealed was not any lack, but a superfluity of security precautions in the atomic program. One of every five employees of the Atomic Energy Commission is wholly occupied in security work. Even contractors who accept AEC contracts have to put 9% of their personnel on security work.

A faint breath of suspicion will toss a man out of his job. Senator Hicken-

looper had complained that 3,317 men were allowed to go to work on "emergency clearances" without waiting for a full FBI check. In only four of the 3,317 cases did the FBI report, when completed, show "some indication of questionable associations." Here's the committee's own summary of the four cases:

"One was a boilermaker-welder who, in the course of a construction job, was allowed to enter a fenced area but had no contact with technical or statistical information.

"In the second case 'fringe' connections with Communists are ascribed to the employee's son during student days; the employee himself is not implicated.

"The subject of the third case allegedly signed a Communist Party nominating petition in 1941. He denies this act, and analysis by handwriting experts reveals substantial discrepancies between the signature on the petition and his true signature.

"In the fourth case the individual is an accountant who may well have associated closely with Communists, although his file also reflects considerable evidence of loyalty.

"All four persons have been dismissed due to the derogatory data appearing in the full FBI reports." (My italics.)

Small wonder that the Atomic Energy Commission has had some trouble inducing scientists to work in its laboratories. People don't like jobs that they may lose, along with their reputations, because somebody once forged their name on a Communist petition, or because one of their children once had "fringe connections" with Communists. Yet in Congress the Atomic Energy Commission is under fire, not for smothering its men in a fog of secrecy and suspicion, but for being too lax in security precautions.

Johnson Spills a Secret

Ironically enough, the advocates of secrecy in Congress occasionally prove out of their own mouths the futility of trying to cover things up. Last November Senator Edwin Johnson of Colorado, an outspoken isolationist, appeared on television to protest American laxity in guarding atomic secrets. He thought too much information was being given away to foreign countries like Britain and Canada.

As a member of the congressional committee on atomic energy Senator Johnson knows most U. S. atomic secrets. In the course of the program he disclosed that American scientists are now aiming at a bomb "1,000 times as powerful" as the one dropped on Hiroshima.

"In his campaign for more secrecy the Senator has let slip the only secret worth keeping," a Canadian scientist remarked. Mention of a "superbomb" could mean only one thing.

White House sources have since admitted that if it had not been for the flurry of enquiry that followed Senator Johnson's indiscretion, the hydrogen project would still be top secret.

Meanwhile, though, evidence has come out that the atomic research and development program of the past four years, the years of the dream, was smaller than most people had supposed.

Last year the congressional committee on atomic energy reported that the American weapons position had "verged upon the tragic" in 1947 when the AEC took over. Expert witnesses testified they had been "surprised and very deeply shocked at the meagre findings" when they made an inventory of the A-bomb stockpile.

Under David Lilienthal's administration the Atomic Energy Commission

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greatly improved this situation, and the committee's report last October declared the U. S. atomic program to be in good shape. Up to the present, though, it's been mainly an increase in efficiency. Plant expansion since the war has been small.

The Big Expansion

Even before the Russians exploded their bomb, plans had been laid for new investment—a \$300 million program of expansion over the next three years. In the ordinary course, it would probably have waited for congressional approval and appropriation at the current session. Under the stimulus of the Russian exploit, Mr. Truman announced the expansion program last Nov. 28, and authorized the Atomic Energy Commission to draw on its reserve funds and start work immediately, without waiting for Congress to vote the money. The new projects include:

\$25 millions for experimental work on an atom-powered submarine.

\$25 millions for a plant to test the resistance of materials to radiation, a vital preliminary in developing atomic power.

\$3½ millions for an experimental "breeder" plant—a reactor that will produce more nuclear fuel than it consumes.

\$40 millions for a large-scale power station which would also operate as a "breeder" plant. If the breeders are successful, they will multiply the available stocks of atomic explosives by a considerable factor.

Canada's own atomic energy program has been little affected by U. S. expansion plans or by the Russian bomb. Our little plant at Chalk River, Ont., is a research station, not a bomb factory. Canada's contribution has been to develop, on pilot-plant scale, the heavy-water method of making plutonium out of uranium-238. (The big American and British plants use graphite.)

Canada has shown that heavy water, though it presents difficult technical problems at the outset, has many advantages over the graphite pile, especially as a tool for general research. But the nature of our program has left Canada more or less on the sidelines, both in the argument over secrecy policy and in the plans for increasing the production of atomic weapons and fuel.

Canada does, or should, have an active role in another field of North American policy, the often-forgotten field of civilian defense. Here the Americans seem to have a greater sense of urgency than our own official circles, or at least show more change in their thinking since the Russian bomb changed the picture for us all.

Civil Defense Lags

Major-General F. F. Worthington, Canada's co-ordinator of civil defense, paid a visit to Washington late in 1948 just after he was appointed. He found his American colleagues polite and helpful but not much interested in what Canada proposed to do. Three months ago he paid another visit and found a marked difference in his reception. This time the top people in the U. S. organization were definitely anxious to co-ordinate the routines of civil defense in the two countries.

The need for such co-ordination is urgent, not only internationally but within both our countries. Few people had realized, until they came to study civil defense problems, that even the fire-fighting equipment of North American cities is not interchangeable.

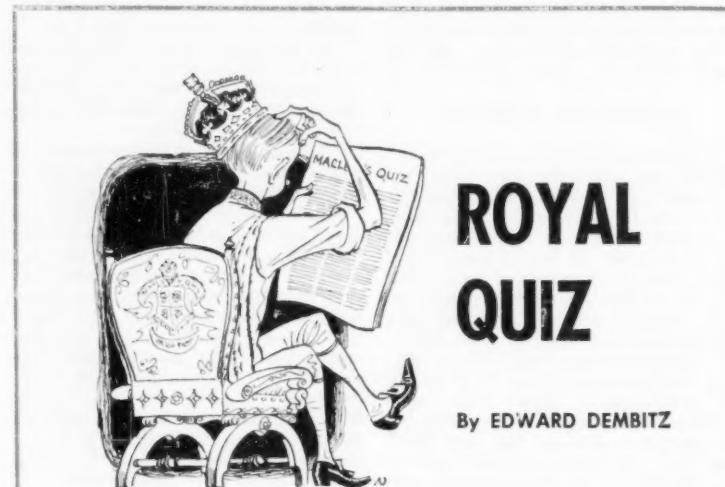
Standardizing this sort of gear is one big job that both countries are now studying. Another is standardizing alarm signals and general civilian routine, so that the trained people on each side of the border will understand each other's orders.

The Canadian Army recently opened a school at Camp Borden to train a group of instructors in the detection of radiation; General Worthington hopes to have civilian instructors trained at the same school. Doctors, military and civilian, will be trained in the treatment of radiation sickness.

The really big job of civil defense against atomic war has hardly begun in either country. General Worthington and his men know that the safe thing to do is disperse new plants and new Government buildings away from vulnerable target areas, and build them strong enough to be reasonably blast-

proof. But right in Ottawa the Department of Veterans' Affairs is planning a new building within a few blocks of Parliament Hill, and with its foundations built to ordinary specifications.

All in all, our answer to Stalin's atomic bomb is still only half formed. We're building bigger, better and possibly "super" atomic bombs of our own, maintaining a leadership which no one in the West seriously doubts. To try and lengthen that leadership we're planning a wider, more rational use of the basic knowledge and skills, a more intelligent sharing of the common effort. We're trying, with some new vigor but without much real hope, to establish international control of atomic energy before the world blows itself to bits. We're making some study of ways to survive, if worst does come to worst. That's about all. ★



ROYAL QUIZ

By EDWARD DEMBITZ

GEORGE VI, the head of the Commonwealth of Nations, is also King of Canada, a title he holds by virtue of the 1931 Statute of Westminster. Here, in capsule form, is an incomplete résumé of the highlights of the King's life and career. Can you fill in the blanks?

Score four points for each correct answer; a score of 100 is perfect, 48 average, and 72 excellent. Answers on page 53.

Third ruler of the House of —1—, his official title reads, "George VI, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, —2— and the British Dominions beyond the Seas King, Defender of the Faith." The phrase "Emperor of —3—" was dropped by Royal decree in 1948.

He was born —4— years ago, the second son of the late King —5— and of Queen —6—, the latter now aged 82. He has —7— living brothers and —8— sisters; one brother, the Duke of —9—, was killed in an airplane accident in Scotland in 1942.

Overcoming the handicaps of a frail constitution, he became an excellent athlete: horseman, swimmer, twice captain of the St. Andrews —10— team, and the first prince of royal blood to play —11— in the all-England championships at Wimbledon. During World War I he served in the —12—.

In 1923 the King, then Duke of York, married Lady Elizabeth —13—, youngest daughter of one of —14—'s leading families. They have two children, including —15—, the heir presumptive.

George VI succeeded to the throne on December 11, —16— upon the abdication of his brother King —17— who had ruled for —18— years.

In the spring of —19— King George and Queen Elizabeth crossed the Atlantic and became the first ruling British sovereigns to visit Canada, their trip taking them as far West as —20—.

The King has five official residences; two of these are —21— and —22—. His annual allowance from the government is —23— pounds. His favorite recreations are gardening, photography, and reading newspapers and —24— stories. His wife, incidentally, does not call him Your Majesty at informal gatherings, but —25— (from his given name).

Answers on page 53



MACLEAN'S

The King Who Gets What He Wants

Continued from page 10

Halfway House was an ultramodern villa Farouk had constructed on the desert road between Cairo and Alexandria. Its plumbing included 12 huge bathrooms of glass and marble. Most of the bedrooms had mirror walls and even mirror ceilings. Here the King's incessant parties became the gossip of Cairo society.

After Farouk left Queen Farida, he began to employ a special staff of "talent scouts" to seek out a good-looking young woman who might be his next queen.

"The King was much too intelligent not to see the harm he did to himself and the country," a close relative asserted recently. "He realized that his prestige was suffering almost as much from his personal way of life as from the smarting military defeat he had suffered in Palestine. That's why he was desperately longing for a new wife attractive enough to lead him back to a normal existence. His advisers had been ordered to look out for a suitable queen."

That was no easy assignment. Although the person did not need to be a princess, she had to belong to one of the leading Moslem families. She had to be young, very beautiful, Western-educated and a virgin—requirements which limited Farouk's choice. That was the situation last Dec. 3 when the telephone rang in his study. On the line was Achmed Nagib Pasha, a fashionable jeweler who had been close to the King for many years.

"I just had the visit of Miss Nariman Sadek, Your Majesty," he said. "She came with her fiance to select rings for their wedding. The girl is simply ravishing, and I told her to come back tomorrow afternoon. If Your Majesty wants to have a glimpse at her, I'll be glad to make arrangements."

Miss Sadek wasn't just any girl. She was the daughter of socially prominent Hussein Fahmi Sadek, Secretary General of the Ministry of Communications. The newspapers had announced her marriage to United Nations employee Zaki Hachem as "the marriage of the year." Her pictures had appeared on the society pages, and her parents had sent out 500 invitations to the wedding ceremony scheduled for Dec. 8. All Cairo talked

about the impending event. The King was perfectly aware of the girl's station when he accepted Achmed's offer.

The following afternoon Farouk stood in wait behind the blinds of a window right opposite the jewelry store. When Narriman arrived, she literally stunned him. The girl was a blonde beauty in the full bloom of her 16 years and she had dignity. Here at last was the woman Farouk had hoped to find.

The monarch's sudden passion flung him into action. On Dec. 5 he drove to the Sadek home and according to reports which the Palace has not denied, told Narriman point-blank that she was to become Queen of Egypt. He asked her parents to countermand the invitations for her wedding and put a bodyguard around the villa to "protect" the girl. The following day he sent her heaps of flowers, some sparkling pieces of jewelry and a lady-in-waiting to give her lessons in court etiquette. Then he summoned her fiance and told him to forget about his bride. As a compensation he offered him a large sum of money as well as a post of mission head abroad. When Mr. Hachem declined, the King ordered him not to try to see Miss Sadek again.

Fatness Wins Respect

These amorous blitzkrieg tactics left the Sadeks, the Hachems and the rest of Cairo's smart set struck with consternation. Had Narriman been a child of the New World, she might have jilted the royal intruder, but that wasn't done in Egypt. Despite their Western varnish, women here still had no more say in such matters than their grandmothers had in the harems. All the girl could do was to call Princess Fawzia, Farouk's favorite sister, and beseech her to reason with the King. Fawzia obligingly told His Majesty that he must be kidding but he said he wasn't. The intervention of Prince Mohammed Ali, the 78-year-old heir to the throne, was no more successful. When the news of his manoeuvres leaked out to the press, Farouk tightened censorship rules. One correspondent who had been in Cairo told me in Geneva:

"The King asked himself only one question: whose happiness is more important for Egypt—that of some obscure \$5,000-a-year diplomat or that of Farouk I, King of Misr, Lord of Nubia and the Sudan, Sovereign of Kordofan and Darfur? He was honestly surprised when world opinion denounced him as a love pirate."

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How did Farouk get that way? Egypt still resembles a pyramid: it consists of the King, a small clan of powerful families and millions of half-starving peasants. These peasants—the fellahs—are mere dust in the King's eyes but he is almost a god in theirs. The newspapers always refer to him as the "August Sovereign." He has deliberately grown fat because his people respect men who throw a lot of weight around. Twenty per cent of the land is his, 28% is shared by 12,400 country squires and the remaining 52% belongs to two or three million smallholders. The other 17 million peasants possess nothing at all. Egypt's per capita cash income is about \$60 a year.

The keys to this kingdom are kept in Abdin Palace, a glittering Oriental structure three times as big as Buckingham Palace. From here Farouk rules lavishly. He owns a cavalcade of 14 Packards and 10 Rolls Royces (each in a different color), four summer estates, a resplendent Nile yacht and a private airfield at Heliopolis where a plane stands always ready to take off with him in case of an emergency.

An elite guard of handsome giants wearing clinking chain mail on their shoulders watches over His Majesty's life. All his meals are tasted before him by the certified royal pharmacologist, Eric Titterington Bey. He never leaves the palace without an escort of 24 motorcyclists, whether he drives to parliament or to one of his night clubs. Sometimes he goes out to mingle with his subjects "incognito" like Haroun-al-Rashid, but even on such occasions he uses a car, and the royal bodyguards cry: "Make way for His Majesty the King in disguise!"

"The trouble with Farouk is that he came to power too early in life," a cousin who has known him since childhood says. "At the age of 15 he was sent to England to be turned into a perfect gentleman. When his father died a few months later, he had to abandon his Anglo-Saxon training and go home to be King. Thus he passed from childhood to manhood almost without transition and, as a result, he never quite grew up."

A King Takes Orders

However, in one respect young Farouk was always precocious. When his mother and sisters looked him up in England, he had a crush on one of their companions, 16-year-old Sasi Naz Zulfikar, the daughter of a palace official. His attentions were such that the Queen cut short her stay and packed off to St. Moritz in Switzerland. Two days later, when she attended a tea dance in her hotel with Sasi and Princess Fawzia, in walked Farouk and sat down at their table. He had taken the next train from London and declared with an impish smile: "I didn't want to fail to repay your visit, Mama." He waltzed off with Sasi and, after his return to Egypt, the boy-king at once proposed to the girl. In January, 1938, they became the youngest royal couple in the world. He called her Farida—The Only One.

The King of England offered some shotguns as a wedding present; Hitler sent a gorgeous Mercedes-Benz automobile. When war broke out, Farouk stuck to a strict neutrality but, as the battle lines drew closer to Egypt, he began to suffer from insomnia. According to one story, he kept having nightmares in which he was charged by an angry lion. He finally sought the advice of Sheik Mustapha El Maraghi, the pro-Axis head of the Arab University.

"You will not rest until you have shot a lion," the Sheik said.

The King promptly went to the zoo and shot two lions in a cage. The

MONUMENTAL OBSERVATION

Pigeons' manners down the ages

Have been bumptious, brash, outrageous.

Those who indiscreetly feed them

Inadvertently mislead them

Blithely into thinking they're

Owners of this public square.

Do I hear you say it's pleasant

When our feathered friends are present?

Nonetheless, I'm certain that you

Wouldn't if you were a statue!

—P. J. Blackwell



nightmares persisted. When he went back to Sheik Mustapha, the old man exclaimed:

"Don't be silly, I spoke in symbols. The lion chasing you is Britain."

Early in 1942 Farouk entrusted the government to Ali Maher Pasha, a notorious Anglophobe. The new prime minister was acquainted with many details of the British defense plans for Egypt. When a copy of these plans was found on the dead body of an Italian general staff officer near Tobruk the British took quick action. One morning the British minister Sir Miles W. Lampson (the later Lord Killairn) and Lt.-General Robert G. W. H. Stone called on King Farouk at Abdin Palace.

Sir Miles told the monarch: "Either you instantly remove Ali Maher Pasha from his post or you take a plane to South Africa as ex-King of Egypt before sunset."

With these words he drew aside a curtain and pointed at a detachment of British tanks and New Zealand troops surrounding the palace.

The King turned white with anger. "You leave me no choice but I shall never forget," he said. He appointed his archadversary Nahas Pasha as prime minister. Eyewitnesses report that for hours after this interview Farouk walked around his palace smashing precious china.

When the British left Egypt, the King at once ousted Nahas Pasha and then feigned to be disgusted by the political game. About the same time he began to lose interest in his wife and to indulge in a life of pleasure. He spent his days squiring pretty women at the Royal Auto Club and the swanky Gezirah Sporting Club.

Queen Farida was deeply humiliated by Farouk's indiscret conduct. She had borne him three daughters and still loved him, but one evening last winter she refused to appear at his side in public. Two weeks later Farouk divorced her under the pretext that she had failed to give him a son. At the same time he forbade her to marry again; if she bore a son to another man it might reflect on the King.

Shortly afterward, his beautiful sister

Fawzia came back from Iran where her marriage with the Shah had gone on the rocks too.

By this time the King had antagonized many of his people, and his wooing of Narriman Sadek increased their irritation. In January of this year Egyptian voters swept his old foe Nahas Pasha back into power by an overwhelming majority.

The King's friends hope that the experiences of the last few months will have a sobering effect on him. They point out that tremendous tasks wait to be tackled in Egypt. The country's death rate is the highest in the world. Every fifth child there dies before his first birthday. Most families can afford to eat meat only once or twice a year; 80 to 90% of the population are illiterate; 90% suffer from eye sickness.

If Farouk continues to run his night clubs rather than his country they doubt that he'll last much longer. As his cousin points out: "He cannot even count on the support of his army whose officers blame him for the military disaster in Palestine."

The Aga Khan's Verdict

Perhaps the most significant incident in this connection was the dramatic meeting between Farouk and the Aga Khan who happened to be in Cairo when the story of the King's latest passion broke. One high source reports that the Indian prince was so shocked that he went straight to the monarch, implored him, in the name of all Islam, to watch his step. He warned of serious religious repercussions.

Farouk invited Rita Hayworth's father-in-law to mind his own business and enquired who he was to judge other people's behavior. Thereupon the Aga Khan is said to have risen to his full impressive height and thundered that Allah's people had had about enough of the impudent monarch's despotism. He told Farouk that it was high time that he began to live up to the name his parents gave him.

The King of Egypt gazed at the floor and remained silent. His name Farouk meant "Someone who distinguishes between right and wrong" ★

Starlets in the TV Stakes

Continued from page 9

of 5 and 75, entitled "Mother Goose." The principal boy in this potpourri of fairy tale, opera, ballet and knockabout comedy (by tradition "he" must be a girl) was 23-year-old Pegi Brown.

Mrs. Moore thinks Pegi Brown is a better actress than Dianne Foster. Pegi has had much more stage experience. Many regular theatregoers think Pegi is the best actress in Canada.

She's played leads ranging from the darkest melodrama to the lightest comedy in her home town, Saint John, N.B., and in Vancouver and Winnipeg, before coming to Toronto. Among her well-remembered roles are Darling Dora (the floozie) in Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," "Lady Macbeth," Regina in "The Little Foxes," and Kate in "She Stoops to Conquer."

But every day, just like Dianne, Pegi plays in the soapy "Brave Voyage." She takes the part of Dianne Foster's faithful and loveless girl friend with a stupid baby-voice which is a masterpiece of mimicry. Dianne and Pegi are great rivals, and good friends.

Pegi is 5 ft. 6 ins., brown-haired, grey-blue-eyed, and full of intelligent quips and chuckles. She is popular because she is big-hearted and shows no side or temperament. She's a B.A. from the University of Toronto and has studied drama at a school in the U.S.

Another actress who might challenge Dianne is Gwendolyn Dainty, a gener-

ously built but well-proportioned blonde. She's just returned from three years in England. Her father was the late Ernest Dainty, a Toronto composer, and her mother is the shrewd business manager of the NPS.

During the war, Gwendolyn, who is in her early 20's, toured Canadian troops in Europe with a concert party, returning to England afterward to study at the Central School of Dramatic Art in the Albert Hall where Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud were trained. Later she did BBC parts, open-air Shakespeare in Regent's Park, intellectual stuff with the Players' Theatre, and understudied several minor West End stars.

She hung around with Bloomsbury, Chelsea and Hampstead dandies and has brought home with her a hint of their ideas in the art of dressing with bizarre but becoming negligence.

"There is nowhere in the world like London," she sighs, sitting with her legs apart and her arms falling between them into the voluminous folds of a black skirt. "It is so . . . so . . . relaxed."

But she came back to Toronto because she heard the talent was lining up for the TV stakes.

One of the outstanding actresses among the youngsters is 18-year-old Toby Robins, a beautiful girl with short black hair, straight nose, and lustrous Jeanne D'Arc eyes.

Since she was 5 Toby has been singing, dancing and acting. Now she's just beginning to attack adult roles with certainty and fire.

While on the payroll of the NPS she is also taking her B.A. at the U. of T. and doing photographic modeling to supplement her income. Her main background is a series of elfin roles like Flute in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Miranda in "The Tempest," "Peter Pan," and Beauty in "Everyman."

Toby studied drama at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto, and North Western University, Chicago. She's appeared in the "Stage" series and "Buckingham Theatre," but never scorns a commercial in spite of her academic past. Now she's getting into high gear. Observers of the Canadian theatre see her as Dianne Foster's most formidable rival.

Dianne herself was born in Edmonton in 1928. Neither of her parents had theatrical connections. Her father is an accountant. As a toddler she delighted visitors with her recitations.

At high school when she was 13 she played in J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." In one scene she was sitting on a chesterfield with the male lead. "Look at me! Look at me!" she had to say. "What do you see?" Before the actor could reply a piercing wolf whistle went up from the back of the hall.

After that Dianne knew she had more than talent.

Eva Howard, her drama teacher, introduced her to local radio players and she got parts saying "Yessir" and banging a door. She volunteered to scream for a temperamental actress who refused to vent one in case she hurt her throat. Dianne's scream was so horrific it brought the other players out in a cold sweat. The producer said she showed a deep sense of drama and rewarded her with a more difficult part in which she said "Oui, Monsieur" before closing the door.

At 15 Dianne got herself appointed publicity director of the local teen club. When the Hudson's Bay Company decided to sponsor a teen club program on the radio it was, naturally, Dianne who conducted the negotiations.

Every night after that there was a

Answers to
Royal Quiz
(Page 50)

1. Windsor changed from House of Saxe-Cobourg in 1917.
2. Ireland.
3. India.
4. 54, on December 14, 1895.
5. George V.
6. Mary.
7. Two: the Duke of Windsor and the Duke of Gloucester.
8. One: the Princess Royal Mary, widow of the late Earl of Harewood.
9. Kent, youngest of the three brothers of the King.
10. Golf.
11. Tennis, in 1926.
12. Navy, and in the Royal Air Force.
13. Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore and King-horne.
14. Scotland; their home is Glamis Castle near Forfar in the Highlands.
15. Princess Elizabeth, wife of the Duke of Edinburgh; the other child is Princess Margaret Rose.
16. 1936.
17. Edward VIII, now Duke of Windsor.
18. Less than one year (Jan. 20-Dec. 11, 1936).
19. 1939: in May and June.
20. The Pacific Coast: Victoria and Vancouver.
21. & 22. Buckingham Palace; Windsor Castle; Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park; Balmoral, Aberdeenshire; Sandringham Hall, Norfolk.
23. 410,000; but he has surrendered to the government royal property worth annually £1,200,000.
24. Detective.
25. "Bertie" (Prince Albert).

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



How far will he go on his own?

HAVE you ever thought that when he's bigger . . . and he could probably win a foot race from you . . . he'd still find it hard to get very far in this world strictly on his own?

Yes, he'll need the background of security and confidence that only a real home can provide . . . and he'll need an education, a good one.

This is where The Prudential can be of real help. The Prudential has been working with parents for many years, planning with them to make sure that their children will have both security and the opportunity to "go far."

Telephone your Prudential representative and ask him to show you The Prudential's Dollar Guide. With it you can easily figure out for yourself whether there will be enough money to take care of his needs after you're gone. When you've done this, your Prudential representative can show you how you can make certain that your whole family's future will be what you want it to be.

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half-hour show written by Dianne Foster, produced by Dianne Foster, and the leading part was always taken by none other than Dianne Foster. The teen club slipped into obscurity but its publicity manager was washed with bright rosy light.

Scouting a prodigy, the Hudson's Bay Company sent her to Banff to run a teen fashion show. A year later she was organizing fashion shows for grownups. Hudson's Bay in Edmonton made her fashion co-ordinator. She chose all the dresses and all the models for weekly parades.

In the evenings she played small radio parts for \$5 and \$6 a time. As an amateur she played leads with the Community Theatre. By the time she was 18 her Hudson's Bay salary and her sporadic radio earnings amounted to around \$45 a week. She felt she was in the big time and she headed east.

To begin with, she says, "it was pretty tough sledding." But Toronto fascinated her. "So much going on," she still says in wonderment, "drama, painting, music. I'll never go back West, never. Culturally, Edmonton is dead."

When she first came to Toronto she lived in the YWCA on Elm Street in a room for which she paid \$8 a week. Recently she moved into a one-room apartment in a new building on Bathurst Street.

It wasn't hard to see people. All the producers she called gave her an interview. But the competition was solid. Finally Bob Campbell, of J. Walter Thompson Advertising, gave her a break speaking the commercial for the Canadian "cut-in" on Lux Theatre.

When Dianne was making about \$40 a week she joined the Association of Canadian Radio Artists, a union which has made minimum fees stick, and took a single room on Spadina Avenue. When a long-delayed CBC audition came through she was already established on sponsored programs. But she took the test.

It consisted of speaking a passage from any part she liked into a mike and being overheard by a Committee of producers hidden behind a screen. Then she had to speak a part handed to her out of the blue. She got 80 marks out of 100.

When she got a call from Andrew Allan, then doing "Stage 49," she says: "I thought it was the ultimate end. I died a thousand deaths."

In a "Stage 49" play, an adaptation of Hugh McLennan's best selling "The Precipice," she was so nervous in the opening scene that she took the announcer's cue and set the action rolling before the explanatory lines had been given.

Quick-thinking Allan, in his little glass box, conducting orchestra, sound, players and narrator, did lightning adjustments, threw the spiel in later, and nobody noticed the difference.

"Stage 50" is the actor's best shop window and since appearing several times Dianne's engagement book has always been full. This is a typical entry in her daily diary:

10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Rehearsal, Ford Theatre.

1.30 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. Runs-through and show, "Brave Voyage."

4.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. Commercial recordings, RCA Victor.

7.30 p.m. Tom Blackwood, New York photographer, visited me

Maclean's Magazine, March 1, 1950

at home and offered me magazine cover work in the States. Thought about it. Turned it down.

10 p.m. Studied part of Salome in bed.

Her critics say Dianne has been lucky. Some attribute her success to her friendship with Andrew Allan. Neither of them confesses to anything serious in this.

Dianne often dines with other men. She admits frankly she often chooses escorts because of their influence in radio. She doesn't worry about gossip which, she says, would attach itself to any girl who's done so well in so short a time. She believes the quality of her acting justifies her success.

Dianne has thought of following the example of Bernie Braden and his wife, two other Canadian artists who went to London some months ago and have done well. Braden is playing with Vivien Leigh in "A Streetcar Named Desire."

But Dianne is afraid of risking her CBC connections. "Television," she says significantly, "is icumen in." ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

program in both countries, but the U.S. share is somewhere between 80% and 90% of the total.

In these circumstances Canadian insistence on limited and strictly "official" publicity has caused misunderstanding and resentment. Some Americans believe Ottawa is deliberately trying to conceal the extent of the United States contribution and to magnify that of Canada.

* * *

One of the more noticeable bits of ceremony at the opening of Parliament is the entrance into the Commons Chamber of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. He knocks thrice at the closed door of the Commons, is admitted by the Sergeant-at-Arms, then marches in slow measured strides down the middle of the Commons' green-carpeted aisle, pausing thrice to bow to Mr. Speaker before delivering the Governor-General's summons to the Senate Chamber for the reading of the Speech from the Throne.

Spectators may have noticed that during his solitary march down the aisle, the Gentleman Usher keeps his eyes fixed on the carpet. This is not part of the ritual. The Gentleman Usher watches the floor because he's afraid if he didn't, he might lose his balance and fall.

The Gentleman Usher is Major Charles Roch Lamoureux, D.S.O., whose right leg has never been quite the same since he got a German shell fragment in his brain during the advance on Emden in April, 1945. It didn't stop him at the time. For some reason he was able to carry on as if he hadn't been hit—led his company through a hot engagement, holding a vital crossroad for hours until the rest of the Canadian attacking force could go past and secure the position. But when Lamoureux did collapse, few people thought he'd live. It took an eight-hour operation to get the bits of shell out of his head, and he was in hospital most of the time for 2½ years. At first his whole right side was paralyzed, but eventually he got back full use of his arm and partial use of his leg.

Major Lamoureux served in the same regiment, the Chaudiere, as Solicitor-General Hugues Lapointe. He went

through the whole war and saw plenty of action, was mentioned in dispatches for gallantry, and never suffered so much as a scratch until a fortnight before VE-Day. "I was beginning to feel like a fugitive from the law of averages," he says. But the law of averages caught up with him, on April 24, 1945.

On an ordinary day, as he walks through the corridors of the Parliament Buildings, the Major has no more than a slight limp which doesn't seem to bother him much. But session openings are an annual ordeal. Walking down that centre aisle with about 1,000 pairs of eyes fixed on his every

move, he finds each step a conscious effort.

Major Lamoureux himself doesn't know why he carries a black rod, nor is he sure what the rod is made of (he thinks it's ebony). It is the staff of office of the King's (or Governor-General's) personal attendant in the Upper House, an official first appointed in 1350, about the time the British Parliament was first separated into Lords and Commons.

Black Rod's duties are to keep order in the Senate, as the Sergeant-at-Arms does in the House of Commons, and arrest any obstreperous Senators who defy the Speaker or the Rules. No Cana-

dian Senator, within human memory, has been obstreperous enough to need the official attention of Black Rod. In practice, Black Rod sits through each sitting of the Senate without doing anything, beyond making sure there are no cold draughts blowing on the Senators' backs.

His real job is done while the Senate isn't sitting. It's the general supervision of the Senate's establishment—allotment and care of members' rooms, direction of the Senate protective and messenger staff, and so on. Black Rod is the man who sends out the invitations to each opening of Parliament.

His best-known and most spectacular duty, the annual march to the Commons Chamber, is a relic of the reign of Charles I. King Charles tried, and failed, to arrest five members of the House of Commons. Ever since, when Commons attendants hear the King's messenger approaching, they bar the door in his face. He must knock and beg admittance—an annual reminder of the Commons' right to debate the nation's affairs without interruption or interference from the Crown. * * *

The changed alignment of Ottawa, Ontario and Quebec was never better shown than at the rent control hearings before the Supreme Court last month.

It had been known all along that nine of the 10 provinces hoped federal rent control would be declared valid. They didn't want the rental ceiling lifted but they didn't want to take on the job of maintaining it themselves—all have said so in writing. But they didn't feel it necessary to send any lawyers to Ottawa to present this view to the Supreme Court.

Even after Quebec entered the lists with a blast against this "invasion of provincial rights," eight provinces kept quiet. Only Ontario responded—with a last-minute, hastily prepared, two-page factum that endorsed the federal case 100%. Ontario's submission was all contained in one paragraph, and could be taken as a synopsis of Ottawa's own 19-page factum:

"If the rental regulations were valid when originally passed, the Parliament of Canada must be left a reasonable time (which has not yet expired) to decontrol in an orderly manner."

To Ottawa ears this sounded very like an official notice from Premier Leslie Frost that the Drew-Duplessis axis no longer exists. ★



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This home mixture soothes the irritated throat membranes with surprising ease. It loosens the phlegm and eases the soreness in a way that is really astonishing.

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WIT AND WISDOM



Couldn't We Make the Old-Fashioned Ones Do—Much has been heard about psychosis and neurosis. Now comes posturosis, caused by sitting on the wrong sort of chairs. What would they call the malady of a taxpayer who is numbed and on his back from the beating he is taking?—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Dizzy Dictionary—Definitions by Associate Lexicographer Andrew D. MacLean: . . . AMPHIBIAN. A deep-sea liar. . . . ANGLOPHOBIE. One who hates angles. . . . CURVOPHILE. One who admires curves . . . ANTECHAMBER. A female relative's apartment.—*Toronto Star*.

Goats Instead?—One of the most sweeping indictments of the human race we have heard came from a man who said he didn't count sheep when he couldn't get to sleep. He counted people instead—they bored him more than sheep did.—*Kingston Whig-Standard*.

Native Tongue — Two women from the United States were traveling in Canada when the train made a lengthy stop at a station. They got out to walk around.

One went up to a man on the

platform and asked, "What place is this?"

"Saskatoon, Saskatchewan," the man answered.

The woman returned to her companion.

"Isn't that delightful?" she asked. "He doesn't speak English."—*Moose Jaw Times-Herald*.

Fastidious Moppet—At Deauville, where most of the children you meet have perfect manners, a smartly dressed, motherly woman encountered a small boy who had a bad case of the sniffles.

"Have you no handkerchief, my child?" she prompted bending over him.

"Yes, I have," the boy answered severely, "but I don't lend it to anyone who asks for it."—*Shellbrook, Sask., Chronicle*.

It Can't Be THAT Bad—An insurance company, which had sought additional evidence to support a claim, recently received a letter from the widow which ended:

"I am having so much trouble getting my money that sometimes I almost wish my husband were not dead."—*Maritime Merchant, Halifax*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Look, there's your Uncle Wilbur at the head of the parade."



GUY ROLFE
On Films of Mystery,
Britannia Waives the Rules.



Fans of film mysteries are experts. They know pictures, stories and story treatment, the techniques of holding suspense and of building thrills. They are themselves responsible for the verdict that the British are the past masters among thriller movie-makers; one reason being because the Britons throw the rule-book out the window; two reasons being because there always is a double interest,—comedy or romance or adventure added to suspense.

★ ★ ★

For thriller seekers, this looks like the best season since the Hitchcock peak. The experts rate THE HIDDEN ROOM, (Robert Newton's experiments with acid baths), as one of the best in years. UNCLE SILAS with Jean Simmons, brought that old original of modern mysteries to the screen as a period piece.

★ ★ ★

And now comes THE SPIDER AND THE FLY. The story was dug out of the archives of the Paris Surete. Guy Rolfe is perhaps the most polished example of the gentleman crook since Raffles. There is a tricky romantic triangle involving a lush continental beauty, Nadia Gray, who was promptly tied to a long-term Hollywood contract.

★ ★ ★

Seen in the screening-room by fourteen connoisseurs of the whodunits, THE SPIDER AND THE FLY is already nominated for the all-time best ten.

★ ★ ★

In allied fields are THE BOYS IN BROWN and THE BLUE LAMP. The first one deals with boys in prison. THE BLUE LAMP gives the real story of Scotland Yard and its methods against a murder background.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playdates at your local Theatre.

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A HOUSEHOLDER in Cranbrook, B.C., had a real mad on against the electric light people and just at the psychological moment in the back door came the man to read the meter.

"What's the meaning of this?" the enraged householder fairly screamed at the startled meterman, waving a letter under his nose. "They threaten to cut off my lights for not having my bill paid—and I haven't even received a bill yet!"

At this the meterman broke into a large smile. "Is that all that's worrying you?" he chuckled. "Just don't pay any attention. I get one of those notices every month or so myself—and I'm the guy that cuts off the lights."

thinking out loud, "I don't think I'll marry poor old Charlie after all." She picked up her new valise and gave her handmaidens a farewell smile. "I've always wanted Bert, really—and now that my bandy legs don't show, and my waist and feet look so neat and small, I bet Bert will take a shine to me!"

The last they saw of her she climbed into a pumpkin coach and ordered "To the airport, Mac."

A motorist in London, Ont., picked a police cruiser to collide with the other afternoon. Out of the dented cruiser climbed a constable



A spirited Ottawa woman has been impatiently nursing a badly sprained ankle suffered when she slipped and fell to the pavement while trying to push her way aboard a bus with a mob of other home-bound capitalites. "Discovered chivalry isn't dead, though," she declared in telling a friend of her mishap. "All those men getting aboard the bus stepped over me instead of on me."

of overpowering size, who strode menacingly over to the other car, opened his mouth for the big blast—and got the sharpest calling down of his life.

The cop's wife.

A woman who has done rather well on the faculty of a Western university paid a recent visit to that part of the Maritimes from which her family hailed and where there were many relatives to visit. Setting off to walk from the town where she was staying to visit a cousin who lived a little distance out she was given a lift by a local character noted for his economy of speech. His old car rattled along quite a piece before he finally enquired, "You're one of the Hamilton girls, ain't you?"

"That's right—I'm Helen."

"Ain't seen you around for a spell."

"No. I've been in Western Canada for three years."

"Teachin' school, I reckon?"

"Something like that."

After this surprising burst of chitchat the old fellow fell silent until he had deposited the visitor at her destination, then just as she said "Good-by, and thanks," he called her back. Leaning over and patting the hand she rested on the window edge, he said comfortingly, "You never was good-lookin', but you ain't failed none."

pitched in to work a wondrous transformation on the girl. The finished product was ready just before closing and an impressed silence fell on the little group of salespeople as they watched Millie pivoting lightly and admiringly before a three-way full-length mirror.

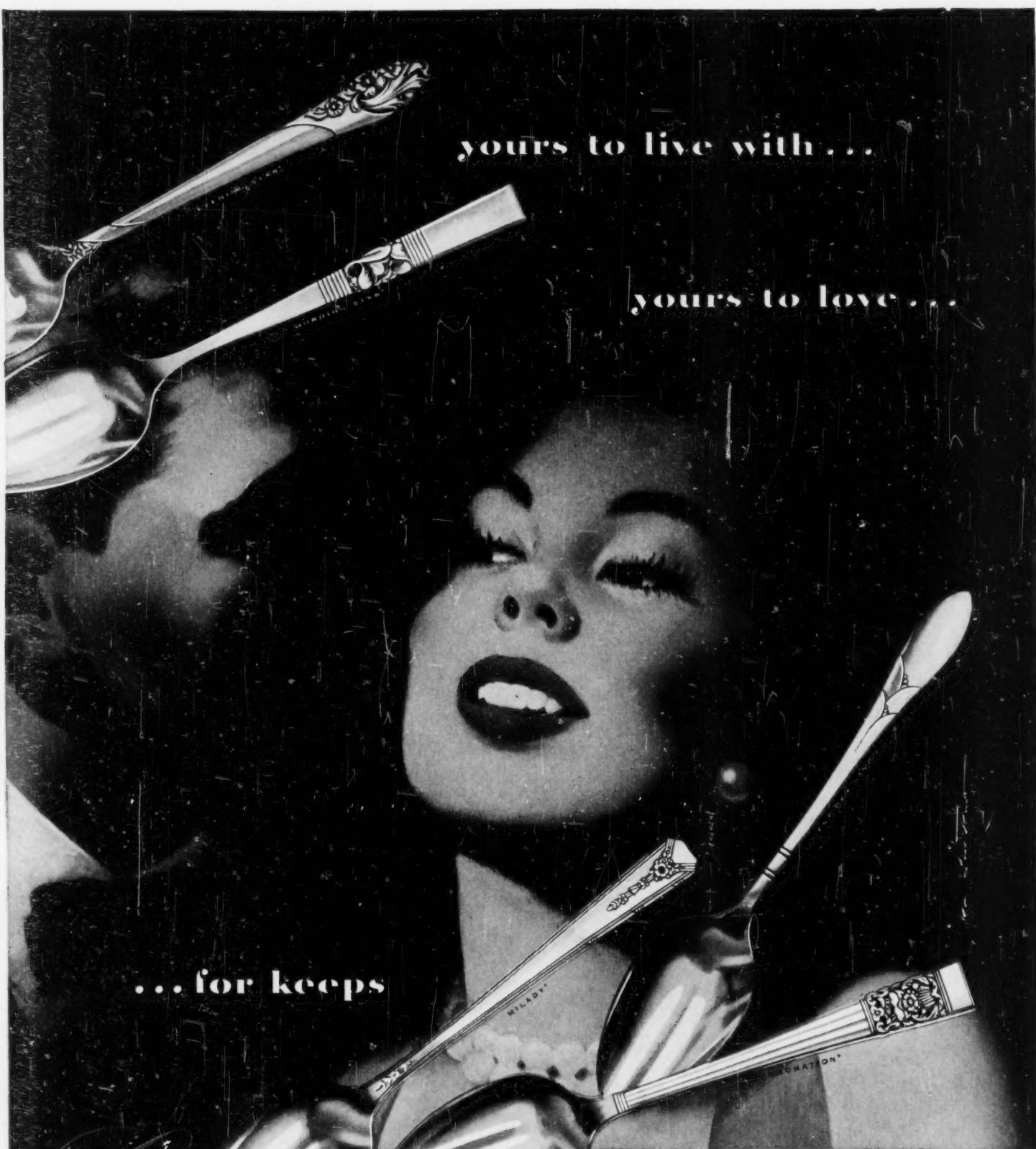
"You know," she said almost as if

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